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☞ All communications, as well as letters of business should be addressed TO THE PUBLISHER.

"THE UNIT."

Considering how many times disinterested and accommodating gentlemen have stepped forward and politely proposed to set this disjointed world right, by a single jerk, it must be regarded as a striking evidence of total depravity that the world obstinately persists in not being thus jerked. The last offer of this kind that we have noticed, —and as we are drawing towards the close of the year perhaps we may safely call it in the advertising phrase, positively *the last of the present season*,—although on this point we would not venture to be too unqualified,—comes in the form of "The Unit," a journal of moderate dimensions, of which we now have before us, No. 1. Vol I. It is published at New York, and as it rashly asserts, "on the first of *every* month;" the harmless meaning being, we presume, that as long as it is published at all, each No. will appear on the first of the month.

The editor has rare qualifications for his work, some of which let us enumerate for the encouragement of a timid patronage. 1. He is an unknown man; he avows his intention to secrete from an over-curious public "the name of proprietor, publisher, printer and editor." An immense advantage instantly accruing from this generous arrangement is, that subscribers will be released from all fears lest the paper should be embarrassed by prosecutions for libel. 2. He has confidence, or faith, in the legitimacy of his calling, and in his capacity to follow it; "There just happens to be something not done, that ought to be done, and that we can do better, perhaps, than others." 3. He knows what this something is: "No one has yet pointed out the *material organic conditions* of spiritual progress, without which true and permanent or natural progress cannot be. This we propose to do." 4. He is a bold man; he distinctly gives out that he shall accomplish that wherein Swedenborg, Fourier, American Reformers generally, the Christian church, and even Andrew Jackson Davis have failed; "Pictures of the attainable have been given, but no one has as yet shown the means of the attainment. We have discovered the means. We can, by a man's organic conformation, tell, at a glance, his fitness or unfitness for a position, the general and particular traits of his character,—his actual and attainable. We can impart this knowledge *to others*." It is fortunate there are not two persons possessed of this fearful power, or the world might possibly have been deprived of "The Unit." 5. He is a modest man. Confirmations of this are abundant: e. g. "There is nothing in the universe that man feels spiritually, or cognizes naturally, the organic law of which we cannot explain and teach unto others." "The knowledge we have enables us to restore to mankind the power of prophecy and of performing miracles, by pointing out men who now possess the proper organizations, and by teaching them how to exercise themselves." "It will not be possible for us to utter any dogma that will not *include*, what will be considered, by the ripest minds, a proof of its truth." A modest man, we say, is here. *Ripe* is a famous word with him. He forgets that there is a stage of ultra ripeness, with an unpleasant alliterative name; and Heaven forbid that we should insinuate that his doctrine bears marks of verging upon it. 6. He is a judicious man,—as where he says, "It would be cheaper for us, to make some one of the widely circulated journals of the day the medium of our communication with the public;" though we must confess the force of this shrewd remark is weakened a little by the editor's subsequent recital of an *unsuccessful* attempt to get one of his articles inserted in these "journals," and his complaint that even "extravagant pay," will not always save a contributor from having a pen run across passages he has written, very dear to him, by some impertinent, unfeeling and exclusive conductor of a newspaper or Review. "The few journals," he says, "that were once exceptions to this rule have gradually crept into semplistic conservatism." So the rejected author, judicious person that he is, concludes to have a periodical of his own. We have a feeling, after reading several of his columns, that he is certainly right in supposing this is the only way of getting what he writes, published. He says, further on; "If we were not sufficiently blessed with the good things of this world, and desired to get rich, this would be about the last speculation that we should go into for that purpose." Now, what could possibly be more judicious and just than this?—Further on; "We are not visionary enough to expect thousands of subscribers." Judgment, again; capital judgment, rare and admirable judgment! Further on still: "If we thought we could better and more rapidly interest people in our object by giving our paper away, we would unhesitatingly do so. But, we are convinced that it is best to charge moderately for it." This we take to be the absolute climax of a foreseeing, politic, financial judgment, quite the zenith,—unless we should reserve that place for the following stunning burst of prudence: "We make no promise as to what we shall do at the close of the volume." 7, and lastly, he is a kind-hearted man; for he says, with a frankness positively charming, after having thus turned his heart of hearts inside out: "We make the above confidential little statement of our motives, and of our pecuniary ability and expectations, for the sake of setting our subscribers at ease, and to dispel from their minds all doubts of their getting their money's worth!"

Among other trifling little matters that the "Unit" purposes to attend to in its spare moments, it proposes "to lay the foundations upon which society must eventually reconstruct itself into an immense UNITORY SELF-EDUCATING MACHINE." Society will please to take notice and govern itself accordingly.—Moreover, "We shall, as we have leisure, enter ward-schools, high-schools and colleges, and praise the good that we find, while we shall unsparingly denounce the evil." We wish these tottering institutions a happy issue!—"We shall show the fitness or unfitness of the teachers and professors, for their vocations, by their respective organic material conformations." Lo, let schoolmasters and tutors and professors stand from under. It is a terror and an agony to think of having such a searching spirit abroad among us, ready, perhaps, to transfix us with one of our own teeth, convict us of crime by the color of our hair, send us to Coventry for the hue of our complexion, or annihilate us utterly with the conformation of our occiput! It is plain that the vocation of the literary critic is gone henceforth. Jeffrey and Wilson might as well have never been born; a frontal bone, or a squeeze of the gristle, is worth more, to the informing the world of real merit, than all your Blackwoods and London Quarterlies.

This is the way Brook Farm is wounded in the house (phalanx) of its friends: "Even Brook Farm, during its short life, succeeded in turning out more refined misanthropes, scientific infidels, "logical" Roman Catholics, and generally in unfitting more men for the world, *in which we all have to live, mind you*, than any village in the Union, of ten times the number of inhabitants."

For some reason or other, not very difficult to be guessed at, "The Unit" starts with a grudge at the "Tribune" which peeps out more than once. It evidently relies greatly for a popular run on one peculiar feature of its plan, viz. "the analyses it will give of eminent living persons in the various walks of life. We shall show the organic laws that compel individuals to act just as they do." It purposes, in the next No. to give Horace Greeley a taste of its quality in this line, as also Collins, the steamboat projector. In the present No. it tries its hand on Jenny Lind, very seasonably certainly. "Her manner of bowing, to one who understands organic law,—is natural, but not spiritual." Here we have *organic law on etiquette and genuflexions*, a new department of science. "She has all the self-possession necessary to succeed before public audiences. Other persons, quite as talented as she, are lamentably deficient in this respect." To be sure, we know little of "organic law;" but we should say that this point is precisely where "The Unit" fails; the last phrase quoted indicates the rock on which it will be reduced to fractions. "She is moral,—but, the centre Faculty does not predominate,—and so she will do nothing to advance the science of music." "We did not feel, during any portion of her performance, in the presence of a being superior to ourselves." This we fully believe. "A less effective *artiste* might have made us feel our littleness more." This we entirely doubt; it could hardly be in the power of art, or nature, or anything short of a miracle, to do that. And when by the new science, the promise of a renewal of miraculous gifts is fulfilled, this office would furnish a fit opportunity for their application and a test of their validity.

Enough of this nonsense. It is one of the most humiliating facts of our mortal progress, that the world is still tried and disciplined by such intensity of conceit and absurdity as this, getting command enough of grammar and printer's ink to vent itself upon the public, an offence to the nostrils, a weariness to the flesh and a vexation to the spirit.

SABBATH RAIN.

I have noticed two short articles in your paper on this subject, and have thought that a word more ought to be said before it is dropped. The apology of a "regular attendant" will no doubt be thankfully received by fair-weather church goers generally, and they will lay it as a soothing unction to their consciences, on every wet and cloudy Sabbath morning. It is undoubtedly very bad for health to sit in church with wet clothes and damp feet. But.

1. *It is as bad for the minister as for the people*, and yet *he* must be there. Through rain and snow and cold he must go, dry if he can, but if not, *he must go*. His health is no better than that of the male members of his congregation generally, usually not so good. And if the rain furnishes no excuse for *his* absence, it furnishes none for *theirs*. If you say it is *his business* to go, *so is it theirs*, there is one law for both. And

2. *A Wedding, a Concert, a Party, a Fair, seldom waits for the weather*. Let me tell you a bit of my experience. On the eighth day of September there was a tremendous storm. I preached on exchange, to *ten* hearers in the forenoon, to *twenty-one* in the afternoon, and in the evening *married a couple* at a private house, where some *forty or fifty* were present. True the rain had ceased, and so it had at noon, but where was the afternoon congregation!

Jenny Lind's first concert in your city was not put off on account of the storm, and I am *told*, (I did not attend, for I could'nt afford it,) that there was an audience *very respectable in numbers*. Alas, for their damp feet! Perhaps, however, the "exercise" of loudly applauding the "nightingale" prevented their taking cold. I have noticed that when people are *excited* they rarely suffer from exposure. If there were a little more *interest* in church-going, a little more unction in the worshippers, would it not prove favorable to health!

3. *Bad weather reduces a church congregation quite out of proportion to any other collection of people*. Why, the other evening, my Thursday meeting was given up on account of the weather, no one but the minister and one lady coming, (which was hardly enough to plead the promise and secure the blessing,) and yet I met some twenty-five people that same evening assembled in a parlor, who seemed to be quite unconscious that it was *raining!* And how they ever got there on foot, without soiling their silk dresses or dampening their feet, has been a mystery to me ever since. Here was a religious meeting completely *collapsed*, and a social party reduced only about twenty per cent., and all by the same storm. How is it that the rain is so much more terrible "*hard by the synagogue*," than it is about town! I have heard of "droppings of the sanctuary," and have known Christians express thankfulness at being permitted to enjoy them, but never knew till recently that they were so much worse than all other droppings. Your correspondent is certainly right in the opinion that many "women and children" will be precluded from "attending church in such storms as that of the 25th ultimo." But verily four or five hundred per cent. is too much to allow for shrinkage, in a common congregation. We should be made of sterner stuff. We should be less the sport of circumstances. Satan waits not for fair weather. He does his work in "thunder, lightning, and in rain," and we ought to be as busy as he. God has never said, "Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary, *except when it storms*." [Congregationalist.

ANGELIC SYMPATHY.

From Rev. H. Harbaugh's work on the Sainted Dead, which is noticed in the Register of this week, we make the following extracts, in which we have been much interested:

"The returning sympathies of God and angels towards man, are beautifully pictured to us in the glorious vision which Jacob had at Bethel in the wilderness. What a vision was that! What a beautiful symbol of heaven and earth united; or, at least, seeking union with each other. God, at the top of the ladder, speaking promises; Jacob, at the bottom, hearing them with a spiritual ear; angels going up and down on it. This ladder represented to Jacob the new and living way back to the heavenly paradise, up which the church must ascend in its future history until it reaches the top of Mount Zion, on which stands the heavenly Jerusalem, where God dwells, and of which he is himself the light. Here Jacob could see, at the same time that he was receiving promises for himself and his seed, the steep path which they must ascend to realize them; but also the comforting fact that this gradually ascending highway to heaven had God at the top looking down with interest, and was all along lined with angels, who should be to him and his posterity ministering spirits.

Jacob, there in the wilderness, and his vision, is evidently a type of Christ and the church. As he was travelling through the wilderness, so should Christ and the church! The covenant there made between God and Jacob, was a covenant between God and his church. This covenant is consecrated, and shall stand like the pillar which Jacob set up, and the place where it stands shall be called Bethel—that is, the house of God—the church! The Son of man, driven by our sins, as Jacob was driven by the wrath of Esau, shall leave his father's house, and make a journey through the wilderness of this sinful world. He shall at length, weary and exceeding sorrowful even unto death, light upon a certain place, where he shall sleep for a little while the sleep of death, but he shall rise again. Then he shall plant the true pillar of his church, and pouring out the Spirit, anoint it with the Holy Ghost, of which the oil that Jacob put on the stone at Bethel is only a type; and thus shall be completely fulfilled those "greater things" which the Saviour, in evident allusion to Jacob's vision, declared his disciples should see, "Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man"

We love to think of those ancient times of quiet patriarchal life, and of those after ages of Jewish theocracy and of mysterious ceremonial solemnity, when God's voice was heard out of the awful cloud, and when angels walked on earth in every day life, and were the companions of men. We sometimes,—because past mercies, though smaller, are more appreciated than present ones, though greater,—wish a return of those balmy days of the world's childhood. Who has not in those still and thoughtful hours of life which God grants us so graciously, breathed forth his lament in the beautiful words of the Poet—

"Why come not spirits from the realms of glory,
To visit the earth as in days of old—
The times of ancient writ and sacred story?
Is heaven more distant? or has earth grown cold?

Oft have I gazed when sunset clouds, receding,
Waved like rich banners of a host gone by,
To catch the gleam of some white pinion speeding
Along the confines of the glowing sky.

And oft when midnight stars in distant chillness
Were calmly burning, listened late and long;
But nature's pulse beat on in solemn stillness,
Bearing no echo of the seraph's song.

To Bethlehem's air was their last anthem given
When other stars before the One grew dim?
Was their last presence known in Peter's prison?
Or where exulting martyrs raised their hymn?

And are they all within the veil departed?
There gleams no wing along the empyrean now;
And many a tear from human eyes have started,
Since angel touch has calmed a mortal brow."

This is a truly pathetic complaint, and one to which few hearts have not returned an ardent echo. But there is no need of making it. It is true, if we look for angels with our bodily eyes, or even with the eyes of a poet, we shall not see them. We shall not see the gleam of white pinions speeding along the confines of the glowing sky; we shall not hear their songs as the shepherds of Bethlehem heard them. Yet they have not all retired for ever behind the veil of the visible. They may still be seen and heard by the eye and ear of faith, though

"There gleams no wing along the empyrean now."

It has, also, strangely enough, been imagined that in the new dispensation saints are angels to each other. In the old economy, because saints were few, and their path to heaven dark and obscure, it was necessary, it is said, that angels from above should come down to attend them; but now as the communion of saints is extended, and the path to heaven lies through the brighter fields of Gospel light, it is no more necessary, that angels should come from the realms above, but saints are left to the sympathies of each other; and each one filled with more light and benevolence than the other becomes to him a ministering angel.

Saints *are* to each other angels in a blessed sense,—though their services and sympathies no more shut out those of angels than the light of the moon is destroyed by the light of the stars which attend him and mingle their light with his, to lessen, if they cannot entirely disperse the earth's darkness.

Earth has ministering spirits in human form. They walk along the Babel of this world to comfort those disconsolate strangers who are weeping there under the willows. They walk not without balm in their hands through the world, and they apply it wherever they see wounds. At the bed of death they are, with soft tones and a soundless tread. In the huts, and at the hearths of widowed want and sorrow, and in the habitations of vice and ignorance the tread of their feet is no strange sound. The tender and faithful wife too, twining her mysterious self, like a green and flowery wreath, around every stern and rugged duty which rises in the path of her husband's life, may with a most thankful emphasis be called an angel. While we believe all this, we do not refuse to believe more, when God has warranted us to do so. While we are thankful for the communion of saints in Zion, we are also thankful for the 'innumerable company of angels' to which we 'are come;' and we hail them with joyful welcome, as ministering spirits to all who are heirs of salvation.

From the declaration of the Saviour to his disciples, that, 'Hereafter they should see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man,' it is evident that it was not intended that angelic communications and sympathies, which were so abundant in the Jewish dispensation, should cease at the introduction of the Gospel dispensation, but rather that they should continue more free and frequent than before. Instead of heaven and earth receding from each other at the coming of Christ, they were brought more closely together. As substance is more real than shadow, so the New Testament church is more really in sympathy with heaven than the Jewish economy. As the soul, in a wakeful state, is more conscious than it is in dreams and visions, so is the sympathy between heaven and earth more wakeful and real now, than it was among the Jews. 'If the ministration of death, written and graven in stones, was glorious, so that the children of Israel could not steadfastly behold the face of Moses for the glory of his countenance; which glory was to be done away: how shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious! For if the ministration of condemnation be glory, much more doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory. For even that which was made glorious had no glory in this respect, by reason of the glory that excelleth. For if that which is done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious.'

We may ask, then, does this superior glory of the New Testament dispensation consist in this, that heaven and earth are farther apart in their sympathies, and communicate less with each other? Is the spiritual ladder empty, and is the lonely pilgrim, when lying like Jacob at the gate of heaven, no more visited by ministering spirits who go out and in there as in days of old? No: they are still the servants of the saints, and those who are come into the church as the gate of heaven and the true Bethel, may there have fellowship with an innumerable company of angels.

There would be no difficulty in believing the ministry of angels, if they appeared in a visible manner as in former times; but, 'where are they! we see them not;' is the faithless cry of such as have no eye to discern spiritual things, and no faith which is the evidence of things not seen. In this case, too, it may be replied, that we look not to the things which are seen, but to the things which are not seen; the things which are seen are temporal, the things which are not seen are eternal. The outward is always but the shell; the inward and hidden is the reality. That which is seen or earth is gross, and therefore perishing and transient. The gross, manifestations of angelic beings under the old dispensation, like that dispensation itself, were destined to pass away to give place to that which was better—more spiritual.

That they do not now appear to us in visible bodies, is no evidence that they do not appear at all. If we suppose with some that they are in their nature pure spirits, and that they assumed bodies for the sake of convenience only, we can have no difficulty. If we suppose with others, which is the most probable opinion, that they are embodied spirits, there is just as little.

Whether, they are purely spiritual, or organized with refined bodies, or whether they are capable of both modes of existence at pleasure, it throws no difficulties into the way of the belief that they dwell at times on earth, and communicate with men. The Saviour is no more on earth in a visible body, but he is, nevertheless, with us always even unto the end of the world. That the divine and heavenly manifestations under the old dispensation were gross, was because the state of the human mind, and the modes of society required it. The New is under the form, and in the element of the Spirit, and, consequently, deeper and more removed from all that is visible, gross, and tangible to the senses. The inward and spiritual consciousness, being now more awake, communications can be made without being so much recognised by the outward and sensual.

It is a mistaken notion that angels cannot communicate with our spirits in any other way than by presenting themselves visibly to our eyes, or tangibly to our touch, or speaking to us in an audible way through the medium of the air. We might urge the philosophic consideration that there may be even material media, of which neither of our five senses is conscious, which might constitute an element in which spiritual being might commune with each other. But we need only go to Scripture facts to prove that such communion has actually taken place. It has already been remarked, that the angels which appeared to Cornelius and to Peter did it 'in a vision.' They did not make use of their bodily organs or physical sensations, as a medium. It was a vision of the Spirit. Peter was asleep at the time, and consequently unconscious of the outward world through the senses, yet his spirit was capable of vision and of action too, under the operation of the angel. The angel raised him up, spoke to him; Peter, according to the angel's directions, girded himself, bound on his sandals, cast his garment around him, and followed him, and yet he 'wist not that it was true which was done by the angel'—that is, he was not conscious through his senses of the reality of all that was done, 'but thought he saw a vision!' It was not until they had passed the first and second ward, and were come to the outer iron gate that led to the city, that 'Peter was come to himself.' Then, for the first time, he knew 'of a surety' that God had sent his angel to deliver him. Here, then, we see that a human spirit can be moved to action by an angelic spirit, without the body being conscious of it.

The eye of faith roving through the pages of divine revelation, sees the angelic world living and moving on the earth, constantly descending from heaven to earth, and ascending from earth to heaven. Let us see still farther in what relation heaven and earth stand to each other, by seeing what is revealed in the Bible concerning angelic sympathy, and the mode and object of their presence on the earth. It is by seeing how they are serviceable to man, and what are their employments on the earth, that we shall be able to discern their footsteps. To do this aright, it is necessary that we put away cold, unbaptized philosophy, and put on simple, child-like faith.

An inward sympathy with the mysterious and awful kingdom of spirits, is an indispensable qualification to him who would understand its constitution, and inquire into its operations. Faithless skepticism robs the soul of all its contents, and makes to it the world, physical and spiritual, empty and unreal; but faith is the 'substance' of all those things for which the soul hopes, and the '*evidence' of things not seen.*' He who would win truth, must woo it, he who would woo it, must love it, and he who would love it, must believe it, and be favorably disposed towards it.

Angels, according to scripture, are *intelligent* beings. Being thus intelligent, it is natural and reasonable to conclude that in ministering to us on the earth, they should bring their own intelligence into contact with our minds, and that thus the communion of their minds with ours should have on us a stimulating, quickening, and elevating effect. There is, even about the presence of intelligent minds among men, an element in which we cannot exist without feeling its elevating power. Though these, our intelligent associates, may not be directly and formally instructing us, yet we feel the enlightening and elevating power of their presence in indescribable ways. So our fellowship with angels in the enjoyment of their ministrations, has the same effect, though we should not be able to point out the precise way in which they instruct us, or be able to recognise and designate any particular light springing up in our minds as having been imparted by them.

That they have been engaged in communicating intelligence to men, is abundantly evident from the Bible. Their very name, which means a messenger or bearer of news, designates their office in this respect. The intelligence that God would destroy Sodom, was communicated to Lot by two angels. They announced the coming of the Saviour, and of his forerunner, John the Baptist. To Mary, who went early to the tomb to seek Jesus, they brought the information that he had risen. Even the law is said to have been 'ordained by angels in the hands of a Mediator,' and Stephen says that the Jews received it by the 'disposition of angels.' The Revelations which John received on Patmos, in a vision of those things which must shortly come to pass, were 'sent and signified' by an angel. Cornelius, who was a devout man, 'and prayed to God always,' receceived from an angel the comforting intelligence that his prayers were heard. 'Thy prayers and thine alms,' said the angel, 'are come up as a memorial before God.' Daniel also received notice in the same way that his prayer was heard; for the angel Gabriel, being caused to fly swiftly, reached him about the time of the evening incense, before his prayer was ended, clothed with authority to answer his prayer, and to assure him of his acceptance before God.

It is neither unreasonable nor unscriptural to believe that angels communicate with our minds and beget thoughts, or at least that they give such motion and tendency to the mind as will beget thoughts.

It is not, certainly, in the outward manifestations of the spirit's operations, but among the hidden springs of its activities, that the motions of angelic influence are to be sought. Our souls are also susceptible of being operated upon by human spirits, why not as well by angels? We communicate with this world through our bodily senses; by the medium of flesh, as in the case of touch, taste, smell; through the medium of air, as in the case of hearing; through the medium of light, as in seeing; but has the soul no senses which are not called into action in our communications with the outward world, which are capable of more refined communication? We know that there are media in the world more subtle and refined than any of those mentioned: may not our spirits through these hold communion with the spiritual intelligences of a higher order? Who, in observing the operations of his own mind, has not discovered that there are movements in it, which seem in no way to be dependent upon its association with the outer world? The history of mental phenomena furnishes abundant materials for evidence on this point, as, for instance, in cases of presentiments. There are well established cases, where the mind seems to have acquired a kind of prophetic capacity. This is the case especially with some quiet and lonely spirits, whose sympathies seem to have no affinity for those things, which, to the majority of men, seem most real. This is also the case often with old persons, who, wandering in the evening twilight of life, manifest a certain kind of prophetic mysteriousness, which makes us quiet in their presence. Thus the popularity which the following sentiment of the poet has gained, shows how well known is the truth—

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

Reason does not forbid, on the contrary it encourages us to believe that angels are constantly around us on the earth, that the spirit is capable of hearing their mysterious whispers through the mortal veil, and that they stand with our spirits in constant sympathy and communion."

GLORIFYING GOD.

Here, we have the grand and palpable principle and rule of a holy Christian life. We are not to go out of the world; we are to live in the world, and to engage in the proper, necessary and useful business of the world; but we are to set the Lord always before us, and to do everything our hand findeth to do, in the spirit of his servants and children, with a hearty good will and a supreme intent to please him.

It is a great and fatal error to make our religion a distinct and solitary affair; and the world in which we live another and separate affair. Our religion must be our all-engrossing affair, to be carried with us everywhere, to control, inspire, and sanctify. Our world must be a world of duty and religion. If we separate the two, how little of our time will be given to God! And that little will be so filled with the world, that it will become only a hollow formalism. If we unite the two by making it Christ to live, then shall we grow stronger and stronger, and be men everywhere see our good works, so that they also will be constrained to glorify our Father in heaven, by giving their testimony to the worth and sincerity of a Christian profession.

The epigram which the good Doddridge made upon the middle of his family coat of arms beautifully expresses this union:—*Dum vivimus, vivamus. Let us live while we live.*

"*Live while you live*, the epicure would say,
And so ze the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the Christian preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies;
Lord! in my view, let both united be,
I live to pleasure, while I live to thee."

Yes, it is true—interest, pleasure, and duty are one, calculated by the figures of eternal truth, and in the light of immortality. What has the sun to do but to shine! And what has the soul of man to do but to glorify God? How noble and blessed that soul which realizes its chief end—to glorify God, and in glorifying him, to enjoy him forever! This is the point for which we must strive; this is the life to which we must be revived. All our praying—all our zealous talk—all our preaching sermons, and hearing sermons—all our Sabbath days and solemn assemblies—all our building of splendid churches, and our politic religious management—all our zeal for creeds and sects, will prove only a busy religionism, unless we come up to the only admissible standard of a Christian life, that whether we eat or drink, or *whatsoever* we do, we do all to the glory of God—unless we have the testimony in our consciences which Enoch had, that we please God. [Evangelist.

STRIKING RETRIBUTION.

"When the darkest of its many dark tragedies was enacted—the St. Bartholomew massacre—Knox was still alive. "Being conveyed to the pulpit," says McCrie, "and summoning up the remainder of his strength, he thundered the vengeance of heaven against 'that cruel murderer and false traitor, the King of France,' and desired Le Croc, the French Ambassador, to tell his master, that sentence was pronounced against him in Scotland, that the divine vengeance would never depart from him, nor from his house, if repentance did not ensue; but his name would remain an execration to posterity, *and none proceeding from his loins should enjoy his kingdom in peace.*" Have the kings of France since that day reigned in peace, or descended from the throne in years and honors? Charles IX., by whom the dreadful tragedy was enacted, died soon after in awful horrors, the blood flowing from every pore in his body. Henry III., his successor, fell by the hand of an assassin. Henry IV., after a reign of twenty years distracted by civil wars, died by the dagger of Ravilliac. His successor, Louis XIII., after a reign of thirty-three years, spent mostly in warring with his subjects, died on his bed. Of Louis XIV., it is impossible to say whether the opening of his career was the more brilliant, or its close the more disastrous and unhappy. The reign of Louis XV., was marked by private profligacy, public profusion, increasing financial embarrassment, and growing discontent. The king expired of a mortal distemper caught in the pursuit of his pleasures. In the next reign the Revolution appeared upon the scene, and Louis XVI., perished on the scaffold. The troubled lives and dishonored ends of the French kings since that period are too well known to require that we should dwell upon them. And now the death of Louis Phillippe adds another to the list of discrowned heads which have gone down in exile into the tomb. [Edinburg Witness.

STATESMEN. I know not whether statesmen and patrons do not sometimes suffer more reproaches than they deserve from their dependants, and may not rather themselves complain that they are given up a prey to pretensions without merit, and to importunity without shame. The truth is, that the inconveniences of attendance are more lamented than felt. To the greater number, solicitation is its own reward: to be seen in good company, to talk of familiarities with men of power, to be able to tell the freshest news, to gratify an inferior circle with predictions of increase or decline of favor, and to be regarded as a candidate for high offices, are compensations more than equivalent to the delay of favors, which, perhaps, he that begs them has hardly confidence to expect. [Johnson.

[For the Register.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SPRINGFIELD CONVENTION.

I presume I shall not interfere with the complete report which your paper of this present week will contain of the Convention at Springfield, if I give a few of my pleasant reminiscences of that delightful gathering. I enjoyed so much myself, that I would fain communicate some part of the pleasure and improvement which I gained, to those of your readers who were not present.

First, then, the ride to Springfield was a most happy preparation for the complete enjoyment of the social and religious pleasures which we were there to find. As for the weather, it is sufficient to say that the day was the most perfect of October days:—one of the few in which we are permitted to revel—before the bleak chill winds of November have arrived.

Our reception at Springfield was all that could be desired. An efficient and attentive committee had made every preparation for our comfort and convenience. Their advances were fully sustained by the hospitality of our friends at S.

My visit to the Cemetery forms by no means the least pleasing of my pleasant recollections. As the afternoon was otherwise unoccupied, to spend some part of it in this lovely spot seemed to occur almost instinctively to every one:—for all over its beautiful hills and valleys, and in its wild wood, I constantly met parties. The beauties of this place cannot be adequately described on paper. All that a happy combination of hill and vale—of forest and ravine—of running water, ponds and fountains, could do for any spot would seem to be done for the Springfield Cemetery. The extent of the ground is about thirty acres, though from the variety of elevation it would seem to the inexperienced eye to contain twice as many. In passing through it, new beauties constantly meet the eye. Here is a clear and rapid brook with a waterfall:—there a placid, though perfectly clear pond, with its fountain in the centre:—now, you pass into a deep ravine, where you seem shut out from the world:—now, having ascended one of the hills by which it is surrounded, you see the whole at once—while the eye wanders beyond from one to another of the distant mountains—until it rests upon the most distant—which, from their indistinctness and color, can scarcely be distinguished from the blue sky near the horizon.

There are yet but few monuments here. One of these bears the name of "Peabody." By his side lie the remains of his wife and daughter. The name of this sainted man is now extinct in the town which was so long his home:—but his memory cannot but remain,—as a minister of warning, of consolation and sympathy in many a heart. The good man cannot "wholly die." His holy words, and still more his holy deeds, will live and speak and act in the heart, long after his departure from the world: nay, we are not permitted to suppose that these ever die, inasmuch as they are in their nature, divine, and therefore immortal. It is while standing at the tomb of a holy man that our trust in God should be most strengthened. When a useful minister is called by death from his scene of labor, we are tempted to murmur: we feel that his voice and example cannot be spared:—but when, in calmness, we visit his grave, we learn that though dead he yet speaketh—and in a language which sinks deeper into the heart than his words could have done. We cannot but congratulate our Springfield friends that they have a spot to visit, so pregnant with spiritual suggestions as is their Cemetery. Here nature speaks to the heart in language which can scarcely be resisted—while faith with influences still more potent,—"points upward," and, as it were, compels the mind to rest, for a time at least, on things above.

After a visit to this consecrated ground, the mind was prepared to receive the doctrine which was set forth in the evening service, of—the necessity and the power of *Faith*. It is unnecessary to speak of the discourse. It tended to produce entire conviction in the truth that all must learn—viz, that faith must be the staff and stay of the heart:—and that without it, everything else will fail to give the joy and peace, which come only from *believing*. The attendance was very full. Most of the delegates had arrived and the number of ladies was very large. I could not but contrast the gathering with those which formerly met at calls for "convocations of the clergy"—and compare the assembly of men and women who were invited to join in the consideration of great questions—with the "secret sessions" from which have so often proceeded directions as to what men ought to, and perhaps *must* believe. We need not boast,—but it seems to me, that, so far as we urge it upon men as a positive duty, to believe and declare what their convictions tell them is truth—without regard to their sect or party—that *so far* we have advanced in the true way. This duty of *honesty* in word and in action was most clearly set forth in the discourse of Mr. Brooks. After hearing that, we could well believe that *honesty*—which we rank as so homely a virtue—is, after all, the ground of salvation.

In the discussion of the first forenoon's session, a subject was introduced which we feared at the time might not be productive of pleasing recollections:—I mean the discussion of the fugitive slave bill. The result, however, was otherwise than I anticipated. It showed that the harmony of our conventions does not depend upon the exclusion of subjects on which opposite opinions are entertained—but, as I think we have reason to believe,—upon that Christian Love which unites brethren by a far stronger bond than mere unity of opinion can. In this connection I remember with pleasure the appearance of that Reverend Father, Dr. Willard of Deerfield. It reminded one, of the Prophets of old—to hear words which seemed almost inspired—from the lips of that sightless old man. When he said—that he "would not for ten thousand worlds go down to the grave, leaving a doubt in the mind of any who had known him, whether he was afraid to speak the truth and bear his witness to the truth—and especially when the great struggle was—on the question whether God or man was to rule this American Continent"—it seemed as if the fire of youth had returned to his aged frame:—while the unabated love which he expressed for those who thought differently from him in regard to the propriety of the discussion, showed no less clearly—the aged and faithful Christian.

So holy were the sentiments he expressed, that it would seem as if Milton's prayer were answered—so that to him—

". . . "celestial Light
Shone inward—that he might see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

Let me add the pleasant recollection I have of the social gathering, on Wednesday evening. The company including visitors, members of the Society at Springfield, and invited guests, filled a Hall, which I understand to be the largest in Western Massachusetts. I cannot enter into a description of this evening's pleasures, but can truly say, that if its effects upon others and myself were the same, our denomination are more united in love to one another and in good will toward all mankind, than they were before. There was a hearty good will with which the notes of "Old Hundred" were raised at parting, which I think could not fail to send a thrill through every heart.

Such general gatherings as the one we enjoyed at Springfield, confirm and enlarge our love to man—inasmuch as they give us new objects of interest:—and this, in turn, increases our love to God. For all these advantages and for the opportunity we enjoyed of deriving instruction from the wise and good who were there assembled, we owe many thanks to our friends at Springfield. Their kindness was most marked, and I will close by assuring them of one, at at least, who holds it in grateful remembrance.

Oct. 21st, 1850. H.

UNSUCCESSFUL PREACHERS.

Some great Preachers like Dr. Samuel Hopkins, have been blessed with little apparent success in their ministry. The following extract from Dr. Carson will show that eloquence and power do not always accomplish the desired results, and that a more potent agency is needed to reach the human heart, and convert it from its sinfulness to the knowledge and love of the truth.

"The Psalmist tells us that the heavens proclaim the glory of their Creator. They are works of his hands, and all the wisdom, and power, and goodness displayed in them is his. These preachers preach unceasingly day and night, and universally, over the globe. When, for a time, they retire not for rest, but for a change of pulpits. When the sun goes down, he covers not himself for sleep, but rises to new lands for uninterrupted labor. He and his fellow-preachers speak every language. Beyond all preachers they possess the gift of tongues. They address the barbarous as well as the civilized. Their language is intelligible to the ignorant as well as to the learned. These great missionaries are completely furnished for their work; and never were preachers favored with such an audience. All nations of all ages have heard them. Even in the same day they preach to every nation under heaven. They need neither food, nor raiment, nor house. Surely such preachers deserve a hearing. Yet, strange to say, of all preachers they have been the most unsuccessful. They have never made a single convert. They have never brought an individual from idolatry to the worship of the one living and true God. There is not, in all heathen antiquity, one solitary instance, in which the preaching of the sun, moon, and stars has brought an idolator to the knowledge and worship of God, even as he is manifested in his works. Socrates and Cicero are no exceptions to this, more than are the Egyptians, who worshiped the leeks and onions of their gardens. Noah had little success; Jeremiah had little success; but the heavenly preachers have had the least success of all. What, then, must be the blindness, what must be the corruption, what must be the guilt of human nature, which continues in darkness in the midst of light. [Christian Chronicle.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

When we pray, we are to remember that God is everywhere present; and that although thousands of His children, and tens of thousands may be addressing Him, He hears them all. Our weak voices cannot be distinguished at a little distance; and many times, like the mother of little Samuel, our hearts pray, when our lips do not speak. God, who is everywhere, hears all who pour out their hearts to Him. This is wonderful, and past our understanding; but it is nevertheless true.

To such as strive, in the love and fear of God, to do His will, it is a pleasant, though awful thought, that He sees all we do, and hears all we say; and that not only so, but He knows also our thoughts before even we know them. His eye is everywhere, beholding the evil and the good. The child who remembers this great truth is a good counsellor for the man who dares to forget it. We met, not long since, in our reading, an anecdote which may be well repeated in this place. A man who was in the habit of going to a neighbor's corn-field to steal the grain, one day took his son, of about eight years with him. The father told him to hold the bag, while he looked on to watch if any one was near to see him. After standing on the fence and peeping through at the rows of corn, he returned to take the bag from the child, and began his sinful work. "Father," said the boy, 'you forgot to look somewhere else.' 'Which way, child?' supposing he had seen some one. 'You forgot to look up to the sky, to see if God was noticing you.' The father felt this reproof of the child so much, that he left the corn-field, and returned home, and never again ventured to steal; remembering the truth he had learned from the child, that the eye of God always behold us.

Such an occurrence as this may remind the reader of the sayings of Holy Scriptures—'Out of the mouths of babes thou hast perfected praise.' Unfortunately, too many men, wise in the wisdom of this world, are prone to forget God. Some, though the mind can hardly realize such wicked foolishness, affect to deny that there is a God. Such men may be, with a very plain argument, silenced, if not convinced; and convinced even when they will not acknowledge it. There is a beautiful story from the German, which our readers may not, perhaps, have seen, and which we will here repeat, since it embodies in a brief space the great argument, apart from Scripture, for God's existence—which is that God, the Creator, is seen in all His works.

'In that beautiful part of Germany,' says the narrative, 'which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which, as you travel on the western bank of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees about as old as itself.

'About forty years ago there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we shall call Baron———. He had one only son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all that lived on his father' land.

'It happened on a certain occasion that this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the castle, who began to talk of his heavenly Father in terms that chilled

took him about his castle-grounds, and took occasion first to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall. The gentleman admired the picture very much and said, 'Whoever drew this picture knows very well how to use the pencil.'

"'My son drew the picture,' said the Baron.

"'Then your son is a clever man,' replied the gentleman.

"The Baron then went with his visitor into the garden and showed him many beautiful flowers and plantations of forest trees.

"'Who has the ordering of this garden?' asked the gentleman.

"'My son,' replied the Baron; 'he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall.'

"'Indeed,' said the gentleman; 'I shall think very highly of him soon.'

"The Baron then took him into the village and showed him a small, neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all young children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense. The children in the house looked so innocent and so happy, that the gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle he said to the Baron, 'What a happy man you are to have so good a son!'

"'How do you know I have so good a son?'

"'Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be good and clever, if he has done all that you have showed me.'

"'But you have not seen him.'

"'No, but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works.'

"'True,' replied the Baron; 'and in this way I judge of the character of our heavenly Father. I know by his works that he is a being of infinite wisdom, and power, and goodness.'"

The scoffer was silenced. He had answered his own wickedness and folly by his own words and could say no more. It is not the wisest who scoff at religion and piety; for true wisdom begins in the fear of the Lord. And gratitude presses us to love so good a being, and to be heedful of all the means which he has appointed, by which we may learn His will, and obey His commandments. Foremost among these, are the reading of His Word, and the duty of prayer. By the first we learn our duty, and by the second are assisted to do it. Nor should we ever profane or misimprove the Christian Sabbath. There are many perverse thoughts and temptations which would sway us to error, or negligence in this respect: but there is a very old rhyme, which is worthy of being committed to memory as a check upon the desire to neglect our religious duties. It reads:—

"A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of to-morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatsoe'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

This is a ditty very simple in its language; and it is as true as it is easily understood. It was written two hundred years, ago, and by a very distinguished person, Sir Mathew Hale. Mathew was a judge in England, and made many decisions in cases which came before him, which are frequently referred to even now by our lawyers and judges; but he never made a decision embodying more true wisdom than is contained in those lines. He was so studious that it is related of him that he studied sixteen hours out of twenty-four; and his Sunday's repose and the calmness of his devotions gave him strength for the great labors which he accomplished. Let us all then, while we remember that God is everywhere, and that His wisdom is seen in His works, acknowledge and obey the wisdom which made the Sabbath for man, and blessed the seventh day and hallowed it. [Mentor.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, November 2, 1850.

HUMAN NATURE—THE DIVINE INFLUENCE.

In our paper of Sept. 21, we adverted to the definition of two opposite doctrines respecting Human Nature, then recently given in *The Independent*. One of these definitions we supposed,—and, as it now appears, correctly,—to be intended to describe the doctrine of Human Nature generally held by Unitarians; the other, the doctrine held by *The Independent*. We observed that the *latter* of the two statements, according to our understanding of its import, expressed, in all essential particulars, our own belief; and we declared our deep satisfaction at the unexpected discovery of this theological agreement. *The Independent* of Oct. 17 notices our article in a way that adds to our gratification. Entering thoroughly and frankly into the spirit of our remarks, forgetting sectarian bygends, it at once comprehends our purpose, and at the same time accepting our assertion that the obnoxious doctrine does not belong to Unitarians as an existing body, it courteously waives the point of self-vindication,—by declining to seek out passages, such as we have no doubt it might find, in the writings of some Unitarians, that would go to countenance its original imputation. The course pursued by our contemporary in this matter, and the generous tone of its response, are what we should have expected from the uniform elevation of its sentiments.

It proposes to carry the inquiry a step further, and we most cheerfully accept the invitation. Before proceeding to the main question, however, there are two subordinate points to which we must make a brief reference. 1. *The Independent* says that the *Register* "declares the unqualified assent of the conductors of that journal, to that view of human nature which is generally held by the Orthodox ministers and churches of New England." Now we wish it to be understood that the *form* of this statement is not ours, but the *Independent's*. We only declared our assent to the language employed by the *Independent*. Whether or not that is the creed of the "Orthodox ministers and churches of New England," the *Independent* is more competent to say than ourselves. We rejoice and thank God if it is, but the responsibility of asserting that it is, rests not with us. 2. It has come to our knowledge that two or three individuals have been made uneasy, not by the positive ground taken in our article of Sept. 21, but by our conceding that the *Independent's* definitions were "fair and candid to both parties;" as if we had thereby implied that one of those "parties" is the Unitarian. To a reader of much carefulness, it would seem to be a sufficient proof that this was *not* our meaning, that the article used the following words, conveying exactly the opposite idea, viz. "In the theory described, the *Independent* intends to be understood as describing the doctrine of Human Nature held by Unitarians. Probably there are some persons bearing that name, who avow the belief ascribed here to the whole denomination. . . . . It is our judgment that there is as much justice in ascribing that belief to the whole body of Unitarians, as there would be in ascribing Calvin's dogmas about the fate of deceased infants, or the terrible logical effects of the peculiar notion of Dr. Emmons, to the whole body of the "Orthodox,"—and no more." The truth is, we suppose, the theory is held by "a party,"—as was stated, that "good social, educational and moral influences will keep men upright," without the need of "a thorough renovation of the inward character, by the truth and grace of God." We thought this unevangelical belief lucidly characterized by the *Independent*. Its definition seemed to us "fair and candid," because without opprobrious terms or exaggeration. As an account of the Unitarian opinion we expressly repudiated it.

Several religious newspapers have spoken of our article with "pleasure" mixed with a great deal of "surprise." If any body feels alarmed at this, it is only to be remembered that this is not the only instance in which the application of a little good temper, liberality and patience has disclosed concord where, under the administration of suspicion and prejudice, nothing came to light but strife.

The *Independent* thus carefully recapitulates its theory:

"The *Register* agrees with us that in human nature, and in each individual of the race, there are propensities toward evil, or for the inferior good, which in all cases lead to sin as soon as the individual is capable of moral action, *i. e.*, of actingly consciously and voluntarily; that the sin pertains not to the propensities themselves, which might be restrained, but to the act of will for the indulgence of those propensities, an act contrary to reason, and therefore contrary to some known law of God; that this voluntary gratification of the lower nature as the chief good, shows a vice or depravity of character, and is a state of opposition to conscience and the law of God, *i. e.*, a state of actual transgression, from which one cannot be delivered by education, by outward reformation, or by any merely outward appliances, whether social, legal, or moral, but only by a divine influence operating upon the inward moral nature, and producing there a thorough renovation."

We naturally examine this re-statement,—and our readers can do so if they choose,—to ascertain whether any new feature is introduced into it, such as must form a point of divergence for us, or such as to impose upon us the unpleasant necessity of a recession. We are exceedingly happy to find nothing of the sort. Although, as we observed in our previous article, in framing for ourselves an original statement of belief we should probably employ terms different from those used by the "Independent," yet the agreement seems to stand. If possible this second enunciation is more acceptable than the first. We do not understand,—no reader can understand,—from the language used, that the writer holds that when the "evil propensities" "lead to sin," which is "as soon as the individual is capable of moral action," the character becomes utterly, and in every part, sinful. It is not asserted that there are no propensities to acts that are morally right, mixed with those that tend to acts morally wrong. It is not asserted that when God looks down upon a well-trained, affectionate, correctly-behaving child of six years old, having moreover an evident susceptibility to spiritual impressions and an affinity for all the Christian virtues that pertain to its sphere of being, although it has never passed through a special act of regeneration or been brought to an experimental knowledge of Christ's redeeming office, He sees nothing in that child to approve and love, but everything to rebuke and hate. Without obtruding any mortal judgment into the mysteries of the Divine Tribunal, the *Independent* would coincide with us in humbly hoping, and trustfully believing, that when children of which this one is a representative are taken from the world, they are received by the Heavenly Father into a state of higher happiness and continued progress. That every fibre in the child's moral constitution is corrupt, every motion of his will actually vicious, and every attitude towards Heaven rebellious, is too monstrous and too absurd a proposition for any enlightened Christian's belief. But that there is in the moral nature of the child, taken as a whole, and in every specimen of our kind, a certain proclivity towards sin, not wholly overcome by any natural aspiration towards goodness,—but making necessary the grace of God to change and sanctify the heart,—this is the *Independent's* doctrine, and it is ours. There is a something wanting to constitute holiness, and that something is a new principle communicated to the world, and to each individual that receives it, through Christ. Not that when a child begins to act as a conscious moral agent, the first act *in the order of time* is necessarily a sinful act; but that when a child comes to that period, or stage, *every* act is the act of a being having tendencies to sin, and so is *liable* to be a sinful act. Furthermore, as the child grows older, it has no religious character, unless it is brought to a conscious recognition of God, and submission to His will. It has no Christian character, without accepting Christ, as Master, Saviour and Lord. What was the mere innocence of earlier childhood does not remain innocence as the character developes into experience, but passes into "actual transgression," in despite of "outward appliances whether social, legal or moral," unless an influence from above, a principle of sanctification, supervenes upon the unspiritual habit. We can therefore repeat, with a decided emphasis, the whole of the quotation given above. The Independent proceeds:

"Standing upon this common platform, it will be interesting to compare our views still further, in the hope of finding the same delightful accord. In so doing we disclaim any sectarian interest or aim whatever. We speak as individuals, and we address gentlemen who have a character and a judgment of their own, upon their and our personal responsibility; and we are not catechists, but fellow-students of the truth. It would be gratifying to us to know what the *Christian Register* intends by a *divine influence*, when it pronounces our statement of the necessity of such an influence in regeneration a 'very just and reasonable doctrine.' It will be seen from our statement that by a divine influence we did not intend anything physical in its nature, its operations, or its effects,—anything that should make man *constitutionally* a different being."

So precisely we understand it. We supposed the *Independent* signified by a "divine influence" that secret, invisible and often indescribable energy, of the Most High, which Jesus compared to the wind that bloweth where it listeth, which visits the soul according to no definable method other than its own Holy Will, which has voices infinitely diversified, which pleads with us not only by the varied discipline of life, by the aspects of nature, by the ordinances and institutions of our religion, by conscience and the Bible, by moods of the mind and the events of Providence, but also by ways more direct and intimate still, such as no man can predict or record. This spirit we are suffered to quench if we will, and grieve away, to our condemnation; so that the responsibility of welcoming or rejecting the blessed messenger rests with the soul itself. It will be apparent therefore that we answer the following question of our cotemporary no otherwise than in the affirmative. Most emphatically do we believe in a "subjective influence on the mind itself, distinct from 'the Truth' and from all objective motive, emanating directly from the Author of the mind,—which influence gives the mind an appetency for the truth, and secures the result."

"Does the *Register* understand by the phrase anything more than the ordinary influence of truth and motives for the production of holiness? We see the same truth and the same motives brought to act upon persons in the same families or in the same general circumstances, with widely different results—one becoming a penitent believer, and another remaining an impenitent sinner, or even resisting the truth and making progress in iniquity. What is the cause of this difference? Is it owing to different frames of mind? But what produces these different frames of feeling in individuals and in circumstances so nearly alike, and in minds having like original propensities to evil? Or what makes the same truth to the same mind at one time inoperative and distasteful, and at another efficient and congenial? Is there or is there not, in distinction from the Truth and from all objective motive, a subjective influence on the mind itself, emanating directly from the Author of the mind, and in harmony with the constitution and the laws of mind, and such that the mind may not be properly conscious of this influence, but only of the acts and states consequent upon it, which influence gives the mind an appetency for the truth, and secures the result? We shall be glad to obtain the views of the *Register* upon this point.

We cannot close this article without expressing our high gratification at the ability, candor, courtesy, earnestness, and devotion which mark its columns; the tribute to the memory of Dr. Judson shows an appreciation of the work of missions worthy of an annual sermon before the American Board."

We have only to add that our first impulse, in writing our first article, was to disclaim the character of an "organ," and to say, what Unitarian writers have been saying, thousands of times over, ever since Dr Channing set the fashion,—that we spoke for ourselves alone. But on second thought, it occurred to us that whatever truth is in that familiar *caveat* is likely to be pretty well understood by this time. We have no desire to dodge responsibility. If at any time the Register errs in its opinion as to what Unitarians are, think, believe and do, it will zealously avail itself of every possible means to set itself right.

[For the Register.]

FUGITIVE SLAVE.

What wonder if men sometimes doubt
If God be in his heaven or no—
One shall relate—it is not long—
The simple story of her wrong,—
A mother with her mother's woe.

We sate among the sea-side rocks,
While she outwept her bitter tale;
"My husband said 'for freemen's graves
Let's toil though we should live as slaves;'
Our toiling was of some avail.

We earned our freedom, but death brought
The first sweet taste of liberty
Unto his weary, o'erwrought soul;
I paid with grief the oppressor's dole,
I bought of man God's gift to me!

Ere I could leave for freer skies
My babe was born; I do not err,
Her little spirit's advent made
A long light through my night's deep shade—
I seemed to see God's face through her.

I did not think, I had not thought—
O God it seemed so strange to hear
That this pure sunshine from His Heaven
So freely of His mercy given
Was not mine own, for hope and fear!

I knelt at the disposer's feet—
I prayed for mercy of a stone;
Did not her father buy her breath,'
I said, 'With his long toil and death?'
Our weak and friendless little one!

Great sorrows palsy heart and tongue!
The very streams of life were choked
With backward tears—had I but said
The words that burned in heart and head,
He must have heard whom I invoked.

For fifteen years beside my child
I toiled and won at last the gold—
Her freedom's price; like ice with flame
Over my heart the horror came
She was not free—when all is told.

If she were fair I loved so well,
There were keen eyes that well might guess;
I know that to my loving eye
No blot or foul deformity
Could e'er have made me love her less.

Five years we wrought with double strength,
The double price that we might pay;
Then laid the gold within his hand
The certain pledge that she should stand
Neath the free skies as free as they.

Again the tyrant lied—I swore
By craft and guile to be misled
No more—our hope was then despair;
I cut my child's long, smooth, soft hair,
Disguised us as we might, and fled.

One year in doubtful peace we lived;
I knew the brutal slaves of power
Were creeping round—at last they came
And forced her from me in the name
Of loathliest things: the accursed hour!

Nay—listen calmly—let me talk!
To tell it makes my heart less sore—
A day will come—O speed the day!
When from her brow will drop away
Its beauty—to return no more.

I have not spared these o'er worn hands—
And there is gold. O now and then
Through the dull pain I can but feel,
Not vainly unto God we kneel
For justice, as we kneel to men!"

W.

Northern Threats for the Aid and Comfort of Southern Slave Hunters.

A morning newspaper in Boston, which we regularly read, put forth, the other day, the following paragraph. We make no quarrel with this journal in particular; we quote it only as an example of a bad way of treating such topics. We used to find that when boys in dispute grew pettish, and took to threats, they generally turned out to be on the wrong side of the question. Papers that have, many months, been laborious advocates in a troublesome and hopeless cause, having undertaken to serve as champions for northern concessions to slave-holding in general, and the late Fugitive Slave Law in particular, are entitled to some allowance. Something should be pardoned to so embarrassing a post of labor. Hitherto however our neighbor has generally followed the policy, and held fast the grace, of good nature. But now, amidst much else of the same description, it gives signs of desperation, after this wise:—

"No thinking man can persuade himself that the Fugitive Slave Law will lie entirely inoperative in Massachusetts. That law was made to be executed, *and it will be executed*. We have hundreds of fugitive slaves among us, and we have been told, with vast exultation, by certain people, that these men are "armed to the teeth," and will resist, unto blood and death, all attempts to enforce the law upon them. In this determination they are encouraged by the abolitionists, and we hear language used every day designed to excite open resistance to the law on the part of the multitude, and not a few have publicly pledged themselves to take the part of those who resist. Whether these persons will make their words good in the hour of peril, or whether they will be found nuzzling under heaps of shavings, as such swaggerers are apt to do when matters look serious, it is not our present purpose to inquire, but we suggest a slight consideration to those who may feel disposed to try their valor in resisting the law. Uncle Sam has a terribly strong arm, whenever he chooses to stretch it out, and the last thing to be attempted by a prudent man who wishes to sleep in a whole skin, would be to draw a knife or pistol against a law of the United States. Now, it is very certain, that when the United States Marshal is called upon to execute the Fugitive Slave law in this state, he will not shrink from his duty. If he is resisted, and death ensues to any one engaged in the execution of the law, whoever has a hand in that act, or aids and abets it, will be guilty of murder, be tried and hanged for it, as he deserves, and die as a fool dieth.

"But still further:—Those who aid and abet before the act, will also incur a penalty. The men who now, by their seditious language, openly counsel and advise forcible resistance to the law, will be brought to trial as accessories before the fact. They may escape the gallows, but not fine or imprisonment. Let them beware: they are meddling with edge-tools. When the smart of their punishment is felt the keenest, they may call to mind that they were warned in season, but paid no heed. We tell them again, THE LAWS WILL BE MAINTAINED."

Now there is a vein in the Yankee composition that does not love to be addressed by language of this sort,—and not a very despicable vein either. It would be a joke if, after all, these city editors and shrewd politicians should have to go to the "visionary," "abstractionist" ministers of the Gospel to learn practical wisdom in dealing with the sturdy New England sense. Quite certain it is, at any rate, that almost any clergyman among us could inform the secular press that our people have an old trick of resenting dictation and despising bullies. That kind of thing, pushed a little too far, led one day to the spilling of some tea, and other unpleasant consequences. When independent citizens are told in earnest and plain language that they must hold their tongues, they are apt to have a word or two more to say, before they begin. At present, there is no indication of anything so formidable in the menacing power, as to furnish occasion for any more dignified reply than to laugh in its face. But it is a curious indication of the progress of the principles of oppression among us, that, in the city of Boston, republicans are impertinently warned to silence discussion on the subject of a law, flagrantly hostile to human liberty, a law made by their own servants, on pain of fines and imprisonments. Our people, many of them, work hard for what they have, but we rather think a good many private possessions, of mechanics, farmers and merchants, who fear God and love freedom, will pass into the public Treasury, in the shape of fines, and jails be made populous places, before threats will secure the return of the slave to his bondage.

The newspaper in question is, in theory, especially given to "quieting the public mind, and putting a stop to agitation" and sectional division,—insisting vigorously on what the current cant of the day calls "national" politics—meaning Southern politics. As we have always regarded the Fugitive Slave Law as the most deeply responsible anti-slavery agitator of the times, so we esteem speech like that quoted above the most inflammatory, revolutionary and provocative of sectional breaches, that can possibly be used.

AUTUMN—OLD AGE.

We cannot enter into the melancholy associations which are usually connected with autumn. To our apprehension the year grows in beauty from its awakening till it sinks into its winter's sleep. The thin, pale hues of the spring become constantly richer and mellower, till the summer is passed and the harvest ended There is a depth and body of coloring in the ripened burden of the orchard, in the ranks of corn, ready for the sickle, and most of all, in the frost-touched foliage of our forests, for which we look in vain in the earlier months. Then too, when the trees are leafless and the harvest wealth is all gathered in, how gloriously do the heavens cover the retreat of verdure from the earth, in the piles of gold and crimson through which the sun ploughs his rising and declining path, in the still splendor of the harvest-moon, in the frequent northern fires that clothe the night in lustre more glorious than that of day! Spring has the beauty of promise half concealed; summer, that of hopeful development, while autumn is suffused with the manifold smile of God upon his finished work.

The habitual associations of most people with old age are no less groundless, than those with autumn. We think much, yet not too much, of the beauty of infancy and childhood. We rejoice, and rightly, in the days of our youth. And when they have fled, how many look back with idle regrets and onward with dread! From how many hearts arises the cry "Oh that I were as in months past!" How many are even ashamed of the tokens of increasing years, and essay every art of self-deception, by which the advancing shadow may seem motionless on the sun-dial! yet, when the life has been pure and true, there is more than beauty, there is a serene glory in its decline. Its ripened fruits of duty and piety hang rich and mellow, till Death puts in his sickle. Its works of faith and love hallow its repose, soothe its decay, bless its closing days. The heavens brighten over it; and the many-colored dawn of the resurrection morning never fades from its horizon. It has also an outward beauty answering to that within. If there is anything more fair to look upon than the unclouded brow and clustering curls of infancy and childhood, it is the hoary head, the benignant countenance, the tranquil expression of devout and benevolent old age, when sober thought has traced and deepened every furrow in the brow, when integrity, devotion and love have worn their long impress upon the features, when every look betokens unwearied kindness and every smile is a benediction. Not unfrequently does personal beauty first develop itself in the decline of life. Many are the natively coarse and rigid countenances, through which the character begins to look only in the latter years, but which then become so softened and irradiated, as to reflect in full a spiritual loveliness, well known, but not made manifest to the outward eye before.

The dread of old age is a sad story of our fitness for it. It is what our earlier life makes it. It is our harvest season; and its richness must depend upon our care in seed-time, and diligence in the culture of every plant in the garden, our faithfulness in the field where the great Master has assigned us our task. Our spring can be more beautiful than our autumn, only when we have suffered its blossoms to drop and its promise to fade.

Miss Bacon's Lessons in History.—We understand that this accomplished lady is about to give a course of Historical Instruction, in this city. Her lessons in other cities have been listened to with great interest and profit by the large numbers,—generally among the most intelligent and cultivated—who have attended them. It is an occasion not to be neglected by those who wish to improve themselves in the knowledge of history. The first three exercises are to be introductory, and any of our female readers, residing in or near Boston, who will attend them, will be interested in an original plan of study. Notice of these will be given in the evening papers.

☞ In our account of the Springfield Convention, among other omissions hardly to be avoided in such a matter, was the omission of the Vice President, S. Low, Esquire, who presided at the meeting on Thursday afternoon.

☞ In the "Cricket to September," fourth stanza, first line, it should read "*life's zest*," and not "*life's rest*."

[For the Christian Register.]

The Missionary Duties of Unitarians.

No. 3.

How shall we obtain men for the great work of the Lord Jesus Christ in the West; for its evangelization by the presentation of the plain and practical doctrine of Christianity, in place of the worn out creeds of a perishing Theology! How shall we obtain missionaries for the performance of this mighty and glorious work, and for which we as a denomination owe so fearful a responsibility! This is the question which we have now to answer.

It has been said by some that the West must furnish its own missionaries; all that we can do is to aid them in preparation for the work when they desire to enter upon it. But is this fair? is it reasonable! Among what portion of western people must we find them! Among the indifferent? Their minds are otherwise directed. Among those in whom the pious sentiment has been developed in Orthodox connexions? It is no easy task to approach such as are thus inclined, in order to change their views. Must we quietly wait the providence of God, independent of our own instrumentality, to awaken devout men to a perception of the falsity of their views, and to an acceptance of those we hold sacred! Instances of this kind have occurred, and will occur again; but their necessary infrequency must be apparent to all who pause to consider the extent and weight of adverse influence. I would not have my comparison pressed beyond its application; but had the immediate disciples of the great Master, when directed to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, postponed the performance of their work until God had raised up Christian missionaries among the Gentiles, we cannot but think that they would have been recreant to their sacred trust.

It will not do to assume positions such as this. We cannot be justified in resting in the conclusion, that our Eastern men so love their own Jerusalem that they cannot penetrate into the wilderness beyond its walls. New England is represented in every work of commerce and mechanics, and in agriculture, throughout the whole extent of the West. Every where we find her School-teachers and professors of Colleges. Her sons fill the pulpits of Orthodoxy. Are our Unitarian aspirants for the ministry made of different flesh and blood, from their New England brethren;—from their New England Unitarian brethren in the other occupations of life? Forgive me if I speak indignantly: for the argument, if such it can be called, which I am combating, should not for a moment be entertained. Not so should we escape the performance of our solemn, and inexpressibly important duty. Unitarians can come West to be gainers of Wealth; can they not to be gainers of Souls? The denomination is calumniated by the assertion. It cannot be advanced by those who have given a due consideration to the subject.

Let us then solemnly and definitely determine that we have a great work to perform, and that we owe a fearful accountability to Him who has appointed us for its execution. Let the cry go forth in all our churches, and let it be the subject of anxious prayer and communion;—that we must have men to go forth everywhere in the West, to spread abroad the unadulterated doctrines of the glorious Gospel of our most precious Lord. Let the subject command our most profound, unswerving attention. Let us not be daunted by difficulty, and seeming failures. Solemnly believing that Trinitarianism has to pass away from the Earth, let us proceed to labor as though ours were the task of its removal.

But upon this matter I cannot be too definite. Perhaps we have talked and written too much of our enjoyment of our views, and too vaguely upon our duties in their dissemination. I would not be amenable to the latter charge. In order to be definite, and thus to induce definiteness in others, I will present an outline of action to obtain ministers for the West, leaving it to be so modified or entirely changed, as the wisdom of those upon whom the work devolves shall determine.

I would recommend, then, the following provisions.

1st. That in all our churches to whom the work proposed seemed important, discourse shall be preached, and prayer offered, on some set day in relation to it; and further that it should habitually command the attention of the Ministers and people.

2d. That every parish shall consider it a duty that must be accomplished, according to its ability, to furnish students for the ministry: some one or more, annually; others, one in two years; and every parish at least one in three years, that it may always have one in preparation in whom its interests and expectations are centered.

3d. That ministers and parishes shall seek especially among the poorer members of their societies for candidates for the ministry; as for obvious reasons among these they can be most easily obtained.

4th. That the effort should not be confined to those of sufficient age for a Theological course of study; but that it should often be directed to boys of ten to fourteen years of age, the minister having opportunity to select them from his Sunday School, and to supervise their preparatory education.

5th. Pious mothers should everywhere be exhorted to influence their sons to determine upon the occupation of the ministry.

6th. In some cases it may be desirable for a minister to educate the students of his own parish for the work; ministers settled in each other's neighborhood may form a union for this purpose, giving to each student the advantage of the training of several minds:—or it may be preferable to send them to Theological schools already established.

I am aware that the above are crude provisions; but the wisdom of those upon whom the work will devolve, can doubtless so improve them, or substitute others in their place, as to meet the peculiar circumstances of their position.

As I write, the names of many of our eminent Theologians rise to my mind, who are especially calculated for the task of instructing those who desire to enter upon the missionary field. I have not the power to appeal to them, as my own sense of the importance of the labor to be performed, would dictate. Shall I be considered presumptuous, if I say that God has bestowed upon them their capabilities, for more extensive labor than is afforded by the limits of their own parishes! Again and again I would remind them that the world is the field; and that they can toil for its salvation through the instruction they impart for those who are willing and desirous to depart from the house of their childhood, to preach the Gospel of Christ in its purity in unaccustomed scenes. Error and salvation are incompatible ideas; and for the overthrow of Error and the establishment of Truth in its stead, surely they must labor with all the strength that God bestows upon them.

I have thus fully presented my views in relation to the missionary duties of Unitarians. I linger upon the theme. I feel so deeply the unworthiness of my efforts, when compared with the surpassing importance of the subject, that I dread lest it may obstruct rather than forward its accomplishment. But my profound conviction of the truthfulness of our doctrines, and of their superior adaptation to man's great necessities; my assurance that they are every where sought after, and that when intelligently presented, they "reveal the thoughts of many hearts;"—these and other causes compel me to expression. I thus then throw forth my crude speculations, asking for them a calm and earnest consideration. And most earnestly I pray that the great God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, may vouchsafe in his gracious mercy, so to inspire Unitarian hearts, and enlighten Unitarian minds, that with energy and wisdom we may enter upon the performance of this most blessed work.

N. D. L.

[For the Register.]

MIDDLESEX SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

The eighth annual meeting of this Society was held in the First Church, Lexington, on Wednesday, October 9th, and was opened with prayer by Rev. Fiske Barrett, pastor of the Church. The President, Ebenezer Hobbs, M. D. presided. The twenty-two societies in Middlesex County, which compose this Association, were very fully represented. The Annual Report of the Secretary, which was read and ordered to be printed, presented about two thousand pupils connected with the Schools of the Association, under the charge of between three and four hundred Teachers. It indicated general prosperity among the Schools, while it pointed out some of the evils and discouragements attending the Institution. Reference was made to our esteemed Brother—Rev. Jason Whitman, late Pastor of the Church in which the Convention was assembled,—who, not many weeks before his death, was present as Secretary of the Society at the annual meeting and presented a Report. The records of that meeting in his hand writing, were left unfinished where he laid down his pen and went away to die in a neighboring City.

The following topics were presented for discussion.

I. What have we done?

II. What ought we to do?

III. The obligation and the methods of cultivating the religious affections by all who would best promote the objects of the Sunday School.

IV. The best means of reaching the motives and affecting the characters of our children.

A very animated discussion was sustained through the forenoon. Rev. Mr. Frost dwelt on the value of sympathy in the cultivation of the religious affections,—relating a touching incident in the early death of a young lady by her own hand induced by the want of free communication and sympathy with others on spiritual themes.

Rev. Dr. Miles followed on the importance of a reflected interest on the part of our Societies in the Sabbath School that it might best prosper,—detailing a plan which he had lately adopted, for advancing this object by means of a large Bible class, composed of the influential members of his Church, who were both to have oversight of the School and to make part of it.

Rev. Mr. Muzzey commended the experiment just named, and insisted on the necessity of mutual interest between the Society and the Sunday School. The latter needed the sustaining power of the former. Full sympathy, at all events, there must be among those immediately engaged, and if they found it not elsewhere, must cherish it the more themselves, as the tendrils of the vine in his garden, he had noticed, finding nothing on which to lean, had twined themselves together, and so grown up mutually supported.

Hon. Mr. Hoar whose long experience in the Sunday School entitles his opinion to great weight, hesitated not to pronounce the Christian Church false to its charge from its founder, if it neglected the special religious oversight and culture of the young; alleging that no precept of the Master was more binding on its members than that "Feed my lambs."

Rev. Wm. Cushing dwelt on the evils resulting to the young from the want of parental interest; would have parents share more in the school, and held that the parent who avowed himself incompetent to help in the religious instruction of his children ought not to be a parent.

Rev. Wm. O. White submitted whether for the further mutual interest between the Society and its School, the afternoon of the Sabbath should not be set apart for the purposes of the School,—the minister being present and young and old alike induced to co-operate.

Rev. Mr. Pierpont seconded this suggestion, adducing the example of European Countries, where the forenoon only of the Sabbath is devoted to public worship—and where the young share more intimately in the Christian rites. He would check the spirit of isolation, which, he feared, our present organizations induced, whereby we shut up, as it were, the communicants in one pen,—the Sunday School in another pen, the Bible class in another, and each alone took cold. He would have parents and children alike concerned in this work. Now—parents send their children to the Sunday School and they stay at home—and perhaps read a newspaper till the preaching begins,—as if that alone concerned them.

Mr. Wheeler of Lincoln opposed the proposition to change the afternoon services of the Sabbath. For his part he preferred rather to see who these half day worshippers are. It was well to know who go in the forenoon because it is fashionable and who, all day—from love of going and to encourage the minister.

Hon. Charles Hudson added his testimony to the value of this Institution. He spoke of the inconsistency of a Society in building a Church, supporting a minister and neglecting that, which, after all, must so far sustain the very life of the whole. He regarded the Sunday School as the rightful nursery of the Church; and would predict that a Parish, which in this day did not encourage the School, would dwindle.

The Convention adjourned at one, to partake of a collation served in excellent taste at the Lexington House, at which the Divine Blessing was invoked by Rev. Mr. Muzzey.

Public worship was held at 2. P. M. Rev. Dr Miles prayed, and Rev. Mr. Pierpont preached a most interesting discourse from Math. 18: 10. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven." He presented simply and forcibly eight points or reasons why children should not be despised, or disregarded. 1. Their simplicity. 2. Their amusements and enjoyments. 3. Their weakness. 4. Their passions. 5. Their affections. 6. Their intellectual powers. 7. Their Society. 8. The testimony which they will bear for us, or against us in this life and in heaven before the face of our Father.

We have seldom heard a discourse more strictly and beautifully pertinent to its occasion.

On motion of Rev. Mr. Ware, a Committee was chosen to correspond with other Sunday School associations and propose a union Convention, composed of delegates from our several Schools.

Hon. Charles Hudson, Rev. Mr. Ware, Rev. Dr. Miles, Rev. Mr. Whitney and Wm. F. Wheeler, Esq. were charged with this subject.

On motion of Mr. Hoar, the thanks of the Convention were presented to Mr. Pierpont for his discourse and to the Lexington Society for their Christian hospitality.

Dr. Hobbs having declined a re-election, the thanks of the Society were, on motion of Rev. Mr. Pierpont, presented to him for the courteous and dignified manner in which he had discharged the duties of President.

The following Gentlemen were chosen officers for the ensuing year. Wm. Whiting, Esq., President; Rev. John Pierpont and Hon. Charles Hudson, Vice Presidents; Rev. Frederic A. Whitney, Secretary and Treasurer.

The interest in these social gatherings seems not at all to decline. The attendance on this occasion was perhaps greater than ever, embracing besides a large number of delegates from the several Societies, between twenty and thirty of our ministers.

MRS. QUINCY,—BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Eliza Morton Quincy, the youngest daughter of John Morton and Maria Sophia Kemper Morton, was born in New York, September 20, 1772. Her father was an affluent merchant of that city; and the amount of property he deposited in the Loan Office, in 1775, for the support of the American army, obtained for him, from the British officers whose overtures and protection he had refused, the appellation of "the Rebel Banker." The vicinity of Baskenridge, in New Jersey, where he sought refuge with his family, became the theatre of war; and he died in the prime of life, in 1781, from his anxiety and exertions at that momentous crisis. The early loss of his parental care was supplied to his daughter by the affectionate guardianship of her eldest brother, afterwards extensively known and respected as General Morton, of New York. Mrs. Quincy often described the interesting scenes she had witnessed in her childhood, attendant on the Proclamation of Peace, and the adoption of the Federal Constitution. When Washington took the oath of office, as first President of the United States, she was among the spectators in New York, and was afterwards introduced to him and to Mrs. Washington, at Philadelphia, by her friend Mrs. Wolcott, the wife of Oliver Wolcott, afterwards Secretary of the Treasury. Among her early friends were President Samuel Stanhope Smith, of Princeton College; William Johnson, of New York; and George Cabot and Anna Cabot Lowell, of Boston.

After her marriage, in 1797, with Josiah Quincy, of Boston, she passed the summer months at his paternal estate at Quincy. There she formed a friendship with John Adams, then President of the United States, and with his wife, Mrs. Abigail Adams, which became more affectionate and intimate with every passing year. The public stations, successively held for upwards of forty years by Mr. Quincy, opened a wide field for her talents and sympathies. During the sessions of Congress passed with him at Washington, their residence was the constant resort of the leaders of the old Federal party; and the most important political measures of that day were often discussed in her presence. After Mr. Quincy resigned his seat in Congress in 1813 they passed through the duties of various official relations, until, in 1829, on his acceptance of the Presidency of Harvard University, they transferred their residence to Cambridge. The comprehensive and cultivated mind of Mrs. Quincy enabled her to appreciate the intellect and learning concentrated within and around that ancient seminary; and, from those entering life under its auspices, her intuitive perception of character, sensibility of heart, and cordiality of manner, commanded confidence and affection. For sixteen years she promoted the happiness and improvement of the society around her, and took an active interest in all efforts for the advancement of science and literature. On Mr. Quincy's resignation of the Presidency of Harvard in 1845, they returned, untouched by calamity, to Boston and Quincy.

The life of Mrs. Quincy was one of high gratification and peculiar prosperity. Many of the most eminent and gifted of her contemporaries were her intimate friends; and among those of her later years were Nathaniel Bowditch, Joseph Story, and John Quincy Adams. In the midst of these extensive claims on her time and attention, her immediate family and relatives received every testimony of care and affection. Her health remained unimpaired until the last year of her life; and the few months of her decline were passed at Quincy, amid the devoted attentions of her family and the tributes of long-tried friendship. Her memory and intellectual powers remained perfect; and the resources of literature, even her peculiar delight, employed her leisure hours.

Her Christian faith was firm, and sustained by "an unfaltering trust." She closed her long and happy life of seventy-seven years at Quincy, surrounded by her family, on Sunday morning the first of September, 1850, in tranquility and peace, with gratitude for the past, and with confidence and hope for the future.

News from the Churches

Western Missions. We understand that Rev. Mr. De Lange's labors as missionary of the American Unitarian Association in the West, continues to be blest. Since leaving Burlington, Iowa, where he preached with great acceptance, he has visited several places on the Ohio River, where there is a prospect of establishing new Societies. He is now preaching at Steubenville and Wheeling. At the latter place funds are being raised for a church, which will be erected in the course of a few months.

East Boston. Rev. Mr. Livermore of East Boston has signified to his society his intention of dissolving his connection with them.

Mr. Layard's Latest Discoveries. A few weeks ago we announced, says the Literary Gazette, Mr. Layard's return from his expedition into the desert, and the rescue of some of his larger antiquities from the mud of the river, and their embarkation for England. We have since, however, received further particulars of his most recent discoveries at Koyunjik, which are extremely interesting. He found, as has been stated, a chamber which is completely filled with terra cotta tablets, the inscriptions on which, we now learn, are stamped in, so that though Major Rawlinson thinks it very probable these tablets may be records of the empire, it is still not unlikely that many of them may, in fact, be duplicates of, or a collection of manifestos for issuing to the people or their immediate rulers; in short, a sort of Assyrian printing office. We believe that no fewer than twenty-five cases are on their way to England. In the pyramid at Nimrod, also, a unique statue has been discovered. It is from four to five feet in height, in gypsum, elaborately carved, and very perfect. There is also a high relief of the king, very beautifully executed, standing in an arch eight feet high, and covered with minute inscriptions. Mr. Layard's last communication is dated Akra, July 17th, where, we are sorry to say, he had been confined by a severe attack of fever. The inefficient assistance he has received has caused him to over-exert himself, and thus he has been stopped for a while on his way to Van to secure inscriptions. He hopes to pass

Notices of New Publications.

THE HOME; OR FAMILY CARES AND FAMILY JOYS. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. The Author's Edition. New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1850.

Different and large classes of persons will be interested in the new edition of Miss Bremer's works in progress under the hands of Mr. Putnam. Those that have never read her works at all—those that have had the good fortune to read them, but the bad fortune to read them in inferior paper and worse type to the damage of their organs of sight—those that have made Miss Bremer's acquaintance during her present visit in America—and those that are interested in a literature of unimpeachable moral influence and of a high order of talent—all alike have reason to be indebted to this enterprising publisher. The stories of the Swedish authoress are not without the fascinating charm that belongs to all well-managed fictions, charged with a due portion of romantic sentiment. We confess to a dim recollection of at least one wakeful night over this very work. But after all, the chief value of her writings consists in a more substantial and permanent kind of merit. They excite generous emotions; they favor simplicity of manners; they encourage domestic tranquillity; they conform to high principles; and they refer to a lofty standard of human action. The piquant peculiarities of the national language and the individual style combined, peeping out as they do even through Mrs. Howitt's graceful translation, rather heighten the raciness and stimulate the attention. It is astonishing what a power has been exercised by two gifted women now occupying conspicuous places before the public, to turn the eyes and the interest of the civilized world towards their native country, Sweden. We have this very day seen a package of interesting letters, full of minute and graphic descriptions, written by a party of American travellers who are ransacking that neglected land with a most eager curiosity.

THE RELATION BETWEEN THE HOLY SCRIPTURES AND SOME PARTS OF GEOLOGICAL SCIENCE. By John Pye Smith, D.D. Fourth Edition. Philadelphia: Robert E. Peterson. 1850. For sale in Boston by Burnham & Brothers.

That a work of this kind was greatly needed is evident from the fact that this book has already rapidly passed through four editions in England. Its main object is to show the agreement between the Scripture history rightly understood, and the well-ascertained facts in Geology. Dr. Smith possesses two qualities of primary importance in the discussion of such a subject—learning and candour. Our knowledge of Geology is not sufficiently thorough to warrant our sitting in judgment on his work, and we might not agree to all its interpretations of Scripture, but no one can read it without being convinced that a large portion of the inconsistencies, alleged to exist between Geology and the Bible, have no foundation in fact. It is very possible that it may give birth to a work better than itself; but in the mean time it deserves to be commended as a fair, honest, liberal-minded treatment of a most important subject.

Burnham & Brothers have it on sale in Boston, in whose establishment, among the hundred thousand volumes, which crowd every vacant space between the cellar and the attics, may be found at a cheap rate, nearly everything that is old and everything that is new, in literature.

SACRED PHILOSOPHY OF THE SEASONS; ILLUSTRATING THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD IN THE PHENOMENA OF THE YEAR. By the Rev. Henry Duncan, D.D., of Scotland. Edited for American Readers by Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood, D.D. In four volumes.

Some of our readers are already familiar with this excellent work. It has been adopted by the Massachusetts Board of Education into the School Library. A number of copies have been issued in a new dress by Crosby & Nichols, and are to be sold by them on very reasonable terms. There is an appropriate passage on some special point of Natural History, Science or Beauty, for every day in the year. There is much learning and a reverential spirit, or it never could have received the sanction of Dr. Greenwood. To those who know with what enthusiasm this cultivated man engaged in its preparation, and what important additions it received at his hand, it will hardly need any other recommendation.

All the above works are for sale by Crosby & Nichols, 111 Washington street.

BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS. By Thomas DeQuincey. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

This volume contains five Essays on the lives and writings of Shakspeare, Pope, Lamb, Goethe and Schiller. The account of Shakspeare, and the criticism upon his works, seem to us the best which have ever been written. The Essay on Pope is almost equally good, and the remaining portions of the volume are characterized by the large and vigorous thought and the rich and abundant style which appear in nearly all DeQuincey's writings. We wonder that his works have not been collected before. With a few exceptions, he is one of the most original and suggestive among modern English authors. We trust that the enterprising publishers to whom we owe this and a preceding volume, will be encouraged to proceed until they have given us all of his more valuable writings.

A PEEP AT THE PILGRIMS IN SIXTEEN HUNDRED THIRTY-SIX. By Mrs. H. V. Cheney. Boston, Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850. For sale by Crosby & Nichols.

This is a re-publication of a work which was received with much favor when it first appeared and will be read with interest by the new generation of readers, which has since come forward. It is founded on our early New England history, and gives always a pleasing and often a striking picture of the Puritan manners and times. It is published by Phillips & Sampson, a firm which is doing a great deal in the way of supplying us with valuable books, in good and readable library editions and at cheap rates. They have pursued such a course, that the mere fact of their publishing a work, may in general be considered as good evidence that it is a valuable one.

HEAVEN; OR, AN EARNEST AND SCRIPTURAL INQUIRY INTO THE ABODE OF THE SAINTED DEAD. By Rev. H. Harbaugh, Pastor of the First German Reformed Church, Lancaster, Pa. Second Edition. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston. For sale in Boston by Ticknor & Co.

We have read this book with a good deal of interest. The author is evidently a sincere inquirer, and brings to his subject a clear mind and a devout heart. The reasoning is not altogether satisfactory to us, but there are passages which give evidence of a deep religious consciousness, and of a mind imbued, not only with the doctrines of the Trinity, but with the spirit and life of Jesus. His reference to Unitarians, as being Materialists and believing in death as a long sleep, shows plainly enough that he knows nothing about us. We are particularly pleased with his view of angelic sympathy, and give extracts from it.

HISTORY OF XERXES THE GREAT. By Jacob Abbot. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols. 1850.

Another of the admirable series by Jacob Abbot. Our own experience respecting the preceding volumes is such, that we do not hesitate to recommend them for the reading of children as infinitely preferable to the story books with which they are so super-abundantly supplied. This volume seems to possess the same merits with those which have before been published.

THE COUNTRY YEAR BOOK: or, the Field, the Forest, and the Fireside. By William Howitt. Harper & Brothers. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols. 1850.

This is an entertaining and agreeable book, suited to occupy a leisure hour, either for those who reside in the country or for those who wish to recall its scenes.

THE POETRY OF SCIENCE. By Robert Hunt. Author of Panthea, Researches on Light, &c. First American from Second London Edition. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 59 Washington street.

The object of this work, while exhibiting carefully and accurately the great facts of science, is at the same time to show their relations to higher laws, and that they have a value superior to their mere economic applications. Though called the Poetry of Science, it proceeds on the assumption, that the highest poetry is the highest truth. The fact that the work has so speedily passed through two editions in England is a sufficient evidence of its interest. It is handsomely printed.

FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. By B. J. Lossing. No. 8. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

The successive numbers of this work appear almost with the regularity of a periodical. The present number treats principally of Stark's campaign at Bennington, and Tryon's descent upon Connecticut. We perceive no abatement in the interest or value of the work, and cannot but admire the unflagging zeal and enthusiasm of the author, in hunting up everything which could illustrate the scenes or events of the Revolution.

LITTELL'S MAGAZINE. No. 338.

Various rivals have sprung up, but none of them, as yet, have surpassed Littell. Indeed it seems to us altogether superior to those which have been recently commenced on the same general plan.

STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS. With Pictures to Match. By Francis C. Woodworth. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Company. 1851.
STORIES ABOUT BIRDS. With Pictures to Match. By the same.

These two volumes are admirably adapted for their purpose. They cannot fail, rightly used, to interest children from five to ten years old intensely, whether through the eye, the ear, the curiosity or the fancy. No person who has not purchased them need be at a loss in selecting a proper and acceptable present for boys and girls of the age just mentioned.

THE BROKEN BRACELET, and other Poems. By Mrs. C. H. W. Esling, (formerly Miss Waterman.) Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Pleasant pieces in verse—pure in sentiment, natural in feeling—such lines as a friend would be glad to receive in manuscript from a friend, and we see no reason why in print they should not be preserved as a pleasant memorial by the friends of the author.

SUCCESS IN LIFE. The Mechanic. By Mrs. Tuthill. New York: George P. Putnam. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

A work intended to stimulate young mechanics to high aims, and fitted to accomplish its object.

PEBBLES FROM THE SEA SHORE.

In our notice week before last of this pleasant little book for children, published by Appleton of Philadelphia, we did not mean to say that it consisted of a series of "*controversies* between a father and his children," but a series of *conversations*.

HARPERS' NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER is filled with entertaining articles, and thus fulfils its promise of being an exceedingly interesting journal. The monthly record of current events and of literary intelligence is excellently well done.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER opens with a brief and able review of a Southern pamphlet called "The Union—Fast and Present," and follows this up with commercial articles crowded with statistics of great value.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

An unusual degree of excitement has pervaded our quiet city for the past week, owing to the presence of two individuals from the South, who came here for the purpose of arresting a man by the name of Crafts, and his wife Ellen, (fugitives from slavery.) No arrest had been made at the time our paper went to press, and probably none will be; we mean no arrest of the fugitives. The Southerners themselves, however, were arrested, soon after the object of their visit became generally known, on various charges. What these charges are, specifically, we have not been able to learn. The first charge preferred against them was said to be that of libel in calling Crafts a thief. For this a warrant was issued and served upon them. They were promptly bailed, however, and set at liberty. On the same day or the following one upon which they were first taken, they were again arrested by virtue of another warrant, which charged them with a conspiracy, or something of the kind, to kidnap and illegally carry away the fugitives. They were again bailed and released from confinement. The total amount of bail required of them was $20,000. We have seen the statement made that they were arrested a third time upon another charge and a third time bailed and released, but cannot vouch for the correctness of the story. There are so many contradictory reports flying about, that it is difficult to tell what is or is not correct. The fugitive slaves in the city are said to have armed themselves very generally, and threaten extreme violence if any attempt is made to arrest them. Handbills of an exciting and inflammatory character have been posted up in various parts of the city, with the evident hope of exciting a mob against the Southerners and driving them from the town. Fortunately there has been no actual outbreak, though the excitement has run very high. With the exception of a number of people, principally colored persons, who collected in Court square at the time the prisoners were brought to the Court House to be examined, there has been nothing that appeared like an actual disturbance of the peace. Crafts is a cabinet maker, who has quietly followed his trade in Cambridge street for about four years past. He came to this city directly from Georgia, whence he made his escape with his wife from bondage. The names of the Southerners who have been in pursuit of him are reported to be Messrs. Knight and Hughes.

——— There is no part of the city of Boston in which greater improvements have lately been made than at the South End, on what is known as the Neck. Two large squares were laid out a year or two ago, which have since been enclosed by an iron fence, and ornamented with a fountain in the centre of each. The City Fathers have lately set apart another plat of ground to be kept as an open square, farther to the South than the previous ones, and near the Roxbury line. This has been christened Chester square. It is situated between Washington and Tremont, Springfield and Northampton streets. A new street, called Chester street, has also been laid out, 92 feet wide, running from Chester square to Harrison Avenue on one side, and to Tremont street on the other. The centre of this street for its whole length is ornamented with a mall 20 feet wide, which will be planted with trees. Many improvements about the square and street are contemplated by the city and will probably be soon commenced.

——— We learn from an exchange paper that the Hon. S. S. Wilde, who has been for a period of thirty-five years one of the Judges of the Supreme Court or Massachusetts, has resigned his seat on account of continued ill health. Judge Wilde is now on the verge of eighty.

——— The last London Inquirer contains a notice of a panorama of American slavery, which is to be exhibited in England. The name of the exhibitor is doubtless familiar to our readers. The following is the notice:—

"Mr. William Wells Brown, the fugitive slave, whose narrative has been extensively read, both in this country and the United States, has just completed a Panorama of American Slavery for public exhibition. The intention is to furnish a pictorial history of the life of an American slave. The painting occupies between 200 and 300 feet of canvas, and it is executed by London artists, from numerous drawings collected by Mr. Brown in the United States. It consists of twenty-five scenes illustrative of the various phases of a slave's life, commencing with his first settlement on a plantation, where slavery exists in its mildest form, to his death or escape from bondage. In one part of the scenic representation a period of Mr. Brown's own history, as detailed in his Narrative, is produced. Several well-known and interesting incidents in the lives of other escaped slaves are also delineated.

"While the object has been to show the hardships of the slave, and the sufferings to which he is willing to submit, in order to gain freedom, all disgusting details of American slavery, which would be offensive to English taste, are withheld, and exaggeration has been scrupulously avoided. A descriptive view of the Panorama will be published, and Mr. Brown hopes that by exhibiting it in the principal towns of Great Britain, he may be able to give a more instructive and influential lecture upon the great sin of America than in any other manner, and thus most efficiently serve the cause, the promotion of which was among the chief objects of his visit to Europe.

"During the progress of his work, Mr. Brown has received great encouragement from Mr. George Thompson, M. P., as well as from other friends of the slave in this country, who approve of his scheme, and think that he is carrying it out judiciously.

"Mr. Brown intends to exhibit the Panorama first at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in compliance with the wish of many warm friends he has in that town; and hopes to take it thither in the course of the ensuing week." [London Inquirer.]

——— According to the latest advices from Europe, Louis Napoleon continues to hold military reviews in and near Paris, to distribute largesses to the common soldiers, and is using all means in his power to ingratiate himself with the soldiery. His designs are evident to all, but whether he will succeed in obtaining the throne he aims at is doubtful. It seems to be tacitly acknowledged however that the real power is in the army, and that if Napoleon is able to gain that, he will accomplish his purposes. The spectacle is indeed a humiliating one for France, one of the proudest kingdoms of Europe, and reminds a spectator of the degenerate age of the Roman Empire, when the throne of the Cæsars was sold by the army to the highest bidder.

——— The Hon. Horace Mann has published a letter to his constituents, accepting the nomination of the Free Soil party of his district to Congress. The letter is a long one, and the principal portion of it is devoted to a discussion of the Fugitive Slave Law, which he strongly condemns as unjust and unconstitutional. The Whigs of his district have declined to re-nominate Mr. Mann, and have selected as their candidate, the Hon. Mr. Walley of Roxbury.

——— Mr. Eliot has published a letter in which he gives the reasons that induced him to vote for the Fugitive Slave Law. Whether its reasonings be or be not deemed conclusive, the letter in tone and spirit deserves and will have the respect of all parties, as an example of honorable, frank and fair dealing, both with the subject and with his constituents. The reasons are substantially the following. As a member of Congress, he finds a provision for the restoration of fugitive slaves. Without such a provision, the Union could not originally have been formed, and, without any benefit to the slaves, the whole country would have been doomed to the immeasurable evils of disunion This provision of the Constitution did not create Slavery, or extend it; it left it as it stood, simply providing, that the Free States should not interfere with the Slave States in this matter. A member of Congress has no right to repudiate the Constitution. He is sent to Congress to legislate under the Constitution. If the Constitution provides for the restoration of fugitive slaves, Congress is bound to pass some law, for the purpose of carrying this provision into effect. But what shall that law be? The present law was introduced into Congress and its passage pressed, under circumstances which precluded debate, and which made a vote against it, equivalent to a vote against any law on the subject. The law did not differ essentially from that of 1793. If objectionable in certain points, it was not unconstitutional, it was open to amendment, and under the circumstances, Mr. Eliot deemed it his duty not to evade giving his vote, not to vote against it, but to vote for the law.

"It will not" he says, "be inferred, I trust, from any thing I have now said, that I consider the law which has been passed unexceptionable. There are amendments which I strongly desire to see introduced into it, and for which I would have labored when it was passed in the House of Representatives, had it been possible. But every one knows that it was impracticable, and the question was whether this bill, or none, should be passed. I deemed conformity to the design of the constitution more important than the objectionable details of the bill, and while I claim no authority for my own judgment, I trust I may be permitted to say that I have acted as I thought for the best."

STUDENTS IN COLLEGE. The Vermont Chronicle gives the following comparison of the number of students in the New England Colleges, and in Union College, New York, in 1840,—1847.

	1840.	1847.
Harvard	244	270
Yale	429	379
Dartmouth	340	201
Williams	155	176
Amherst	169	156
Brown	172	140
Union	278	299
Bowdoin	150	141
Middlebury	47	60
University of Vermont	110	97
	1093	1919

The late Report of the Corporation of Brown University shows that the decrease has been going on for the last twenty years. It also states that six New England Theological Seminaries have together only eight more students than they had twenty years ago.

LIVING WITHIN THEIR MEANS. It is remarkable, that China, with a well defined nationality of 4,000 years, and a population for 2,000 years denser according to its area, than that of France or Britain, has never had cause to complain of the misery or distress of her people! Virtually, she has no paupers—no poor. Her infirm or unfortunate have been generally provided for by the State; while her masses have been, and are, the happiest and most independent people on earth. The reason of this lies in the habits of industry and love of peace of the Chinese. They till the earth in every available spot; they drain marshes and earth over waste places; they turn all the riches of the earth to the most practicable account; and living peacefully and simply, they have comfort and plenty. No people on earth live so completely within their own means. They have never sought the trade of any country, never have interfered with any other country; but, minding their own business, have grown rich and been wise, when more boasting nations were steeped in poverty and ignorance. Surely, the nations and people of Europe and the Western hemisphere, have yet to learn the art of true living and well governing.

LETTER FROM MR. LAWRENCE. The Hon. Abbott Lawrence, our representative at the Court of St. James, in a recent letter to Charles Storrow, Esq. of Lawrence, Mass. states that the mammoth building to be used for the reception of articles for the World's Industrial Exhibition next year will be completed in January. He says that nearly two thousand persons have already entered their names as exhibitors—some from every part of Europe and some from the extreme East. His letter concludes thus:—

"I cannot but entertain the sanguine hope that the citizens of the United States will avail themselves of this opportunity of exhibiting the various products of their skill and labor and induce as many men as possible to come here who possess the ability to profit by what they see produced by other nations. I believe in a commercial point of view, we may reap great advantages by an exhibition of our productions, many of which are adapted to the wants of other countries, and this show will give us an opportunity of advertising them, thereby opening new channels of commerce and greatly increasing the exports of our country. To the inventors, mechanics, and skillful men in the arts and practical sciences it will be eminently useful, and through them to the people of our *whole* Union to come here and examine the products of mind and labor brought together from all parts of the world; but above all we have the opportunity of impressing upon "*the Nations*" the extent, resources, and power of our great and favored country. If we present specimens of our minerals, agricultural products, inventions, and manufactures from the various States in the Union, I am quite sure that as a nation we shall make a deeper and more lasting impression upon the public mind than could be accomplished by an exhibition of our fleets and armies.

"If we come here as exhibitors of the progress we have made in the industrial arts, pray let it be in our full strength. It seems to be an occasion when we should do our best. I have entertained the opinion from the beginning that this enterprise, if carried out as proposed, would prove to be useful to all mankind, and reflection and experience have brought the conviction to my mind that all nations would derive many advantages from this great meeting and Exhibition, but not one of them could to the same extent carry into practice for the great purposes of improvement those new ideas and views of things which may be displayed and gathered, as the United States. This view of the utility of the Exhibition cannot be realized, however, unless men of genius and high intellectual capacity come to it. I hope to see a large body of inventors with a strong representation from every mechanical employment among us. The same character of mind from every European country will be found in London. Mind can with advantage be brought in contact with mind. The Old World will be brought in direct contact with the New World and we can learn from the experience of centuries many valuable lessons. We hope, having been free from the shackles of feudal laws and the effects arising from conventional rules established by the trades, that we may impart some valuable information to those from whom we anticipate that they may bring us in their debt. I would suggest to you and to others the expediency of sending from the various manufacturing and mechanical establishments throughout our country such men to England as will be able to appreciate what they may see, and carry home such new and valuable improvements as may come within their observation.

"I am, dear sir, faithfully your friend,
and ob't servant,
Abbott Lawrence."

Charles S. Storrow, Esq., }
Lawrence, Mass. }

CALIFORNIA AND THE EAST. In a late number of the London Times, the following language is used with regard to California and the far East beyond it.

"The probable continuance or increase of the supply of gold from California, is a matter of opinion upon which each person must be left to his own speculations. The momentous fact, which nothing now can do away with, is, that 300,000 or 400,000 Anglo Saxons are settling themselves on the shores of the Pacific. A new world is before them. They look across to China, Japan, and all the riches of the Indian Seas, and the use they will make of their opportunities may be best inferred from what they have already accomplished, and from the known aspirations which the people of the United States have so long directed toward that region. Already the presence of a large number of Chinese is a distinctive feature of the population of San Francisco, and already the Sandwich Islands, Australia, and Southern and Central America have been called into new life from the traffic that has been established. The prophecy of Humboldt, that the activity of commerce would be carried progressively from east to west, is rapidly in process of fulfilment. At present, however, there are few signs that even this fact is appreciated in Europe, and the thing to be apprehended is, that when in the course of a few years the successes arising from it shall have led to excitement, our people, who are regardless of it now, will then rush furiously to overdo what should have been done moderately and deliberately from the first. It is to prevent foolish extremes of this sort, that every endeavor should be made to familiarize the public with the contemplation of the change that is coming on, and to induce the spirit of enterprise to adjust itself to the new order of things while it can rationally and profitably do so, instead of waiting to regain, by a sudden and destructive rush, the opportunities that will have been lost through inattention."

COTTON GROWING IN JAMAICA. We learn from the intelligence brought by the last mail, that the cultivation of cotton is engrossing the attention of the most influential merchants of Jamaica. A company has been formed to try experiments on a very considerable scale, and hopes are entertained that, by the production of a new staple, the decline of the trading interests in the island may be arrested. In some of the other islands public attention has been directed to the same subject, and it may be anticipated that the production of cotton will be very generally attempted throughout the British Antilles. The climate and the soil are favorable to the growth of the cotton plant, which is, in fact, indigenous, and is at the present moment flourishing as a weed in many parts of Jamaica. The samples which have been sent over to this country have been favorably received at Manchester and Glasgow, and it appears that it only requires a little industry and perseverance to enable the British grower to rival the American in the finest as well as in the ordinary qualities. [London Morning Chronicle.

AUTHOR OF THE MORMON BIBLE. The New England Puritan states that at a public meeting held lately in Cherry Valley, Judge Campbell said:—

Rev. Solomon Spaulding, one of the earliest preceptors of the academy at Cherry Valley, was the actual composer of most of what is known as the Mormon Bible. He wrote it during a period of delicate health, to beguile some of his weary hours, and also with a design to offer it for publication as a romance. Doctor Robt. Campbell, late of Cherry Valley, and foster father of the first Mrs. Grant of the Nestorian mission, calling some years since upon Mr. Spaulding, had the manuscript of this notable book shown to him, and was also informed by Mr. Spaulding that he had hopes of reaping some pecuniary advantage from it for himself and family. Mr. Spaulding has been dead some years, though it is believed that his wife is still living in the United States. How it passed from the possession of his family into the hands of Joe Smith, it is probable that Mrs. S. could tell.

AN EXAMPLE. At an Anti-Fugitive Slave Law meeting, held in Cincinnati on the 14th inst., Commissioner Stetson said that he had held the office of U. S. Commissioner for several years, and when he heard of the passage of this infamous law, he immediately sat down and wrote his resignation, and enclosed it in his commission; and that as soon as he was called upon to aid in carrying out its provisions, he would send his resignation to the appointing power. This announcement was received with thunders of applause.

A TELEGRAPH AROUND THE WORLD. A writer in the London Mechanics' Magazine, speaking of the submarine telegraph between Dover and Calais, talks of a magnetic telegraph around the world as a possible or rather probable thing. He says:—

"An electric telegraph to Calais, is not a thing which will stop there. It is a telegraph to Vienna, to Moscow, to Constantinople, to Ispahan, to Delhi, to Calcutta—to the remotest bounds, in short, of Europe and Asia. A few years ago people laughed when Lord Palmerston predicted at the Southampton meeting of the British Association, that a time might come when the minister of the day being asked in Parliament whether it was true that a war had broken out in India would reply, "wait an instant till I telegraph the Governor General and I will tell you." What was thought but a good joke in 1843, is now in 1850, in the course of being actually accomplished, and ere a few years more, is likely to take its place amongst the sober realities of the age. Nor to the old world alone need our views of the ultimate progress of electro-telegraphy be confined; for, since the English channel has been crossed, the crossing of the Irish must follow, as but a matter of course; and Ireland once reached, there lies but a couple of thousand miles of water or so between the old world and the new.

The old and the new world being thus united, we should see the dream of the poet even more than realized; the earth 'girdled round about'—not in 'forty minutes'—but in a thousandth part of the time—a single beat of the clock. What would all other triumphs of human genius be to this? Time and distance utterly annihilated throughout the bounds of the planet which we inhabit! A triumph only to be transcended when the planets shall themselves begin to telegraph one another—which is one of the very few things which, in this age of art and miracles, one would venture without hesitation to say will never happen."

Massachusetts Cincinnati.

☞ The Standing Committee of the MASSACHUSETTS CINCINNATI, in conformity with a vote of the Society, give notice exclusively, to the Widows and Orphans of deceased Members, and to such of their Brethren who need assistance, to make application to either of the Committee, before Nov. 4, 1850. Those Widows and Orphans who may apply, must state who were their husbands, and who were their Fathers.

THE COMMITTEE,
Messrs. Robert G. Shaw, Wm. Perkins, John Bryant, Thos. Jackson, Adams Bailey, John Homans, Henry K. Hancock, James W. Sever, and Thos. Seward, of *Boston*; Alfred L. Baury, of *Newton*; Henry A. S. Dearborn, of *Roxbury*; Lovett Peters, of *Westborough*; Charles S. Davies, of *Portland*; Seth Drew, of *Kingston*; Edmund T. Hastings, of *Medford*; Zibeon Hooker, of *Sherburne*; and Elijah Vose, of *Dorchester*, are, by this advertisement, notified to meet, in the UNITED STATES HOTEL, in this city, on THURSDAY, Nov. 7, 1850, at Ten o'clock, A. M.

ADAMS BAILEY, *Recorder*.
oct5 5tis

☞ *Sunday School Society.* The Treasurer of the Sunday School Society, acknowledges the receipt of Twenty Dollars, by Geo. A. Crocker, Esq., of Taunton, Mass., of which, Ten Dollars was contributed by the children of the Sunday School in that town, to constitute their Pastor, Rev. Charles H. Brigham, a Life Member of the Society; and the other Ten Dollars, contributed by the Teachers of the same School and Town, to constitute James P. Ellis, Esq., their Superintendent, also a Life Member of the Sunday School Society.

Also, another Ten Dollars, from the same School and Society, contributed by the Superintendent, Teachers and Scholars of the same, to constitute Mrs. Mary Borden a Life Member of the Society.
nov2

☞ The Treasurer of the Society in Aid of Aged and Indigent Ministers acknowledges the receipt of the following sums.

Chief Justice Shaw,	$50 00
Ebenezer Francis,	100 00
Preserved Smith,	5 00
Mrs. A. D. Williams,	10 00
Wm. Sturgis,	100 00

nov2 EPHRAIM PEABODY, Treasurer.

☞ *Notice.* The next meeting of the Plymouth and Bay Ministerial Association, will be held at the residence of Rev. C. Bradford in Bridgewater on Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 5 o'clock, P. M.
nov2 E. NUTE, Jr., Scribe.

☞ *Notice.* The Middlesex North Association will meet at Rev. Mr. Abbot's in Westford, on Wednesday, Nov. 6th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
oct26 3is JOS. C. SMITH, Scribe.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Oct. 15, by Rev F. D. Huntington, J. P. Maynard, M. D., of Newton, to Miss Caroline Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Benj H. Fales of Wrentham.
Oct. 23, by Rev F. D Huntington, Mr S. A. Dix to Miss Louisa A., daughter of George Woodman, Esq.
Oct. 25, by Rev R. C. Waterston, Capt John H. Burleigh of Boston, to Miss Matilda Buffum of North Berwick.
Oct. 30, by Rev R. C. Waterston, Mr O. A. Burbank to Miss Roxanna F. Dulon, both of Boston.
Oct. 30, by Rev Dr Gannett, James C. Merrill, Esq., to Miss Jane Hammond, daughter of Daniel Hammond, Esq. in Beverly, by Rev Mr Thayer, Capt Charles Stephens to Miss Ellen Leach.
In Salem, Oct. 22, by Rev Dr Emerson, John Pickering, Esq., to Miss Mehitable S. Cox.
In Fall River, Oct. 23d, by Rev Mr Longfellow, Mr James W. Potter of Providence, to Miss Sarah C., daughter of Wm L. Mellville, Esq., of Newport
In Providence, Oct. 22, Samuel M. Felton of Boston, to Marin Low, daughter of the late Warren Lippitt, Esq.
In Hartford, Ct., Oct. 21, by Rev Dr Bushnell, Lucius F. Robinson, Esq., to Eliza Storrs, only daughter of Gov. Trumbull.
At Oak Grove, Bucks Co., Pa., by Rev Mr Peasley, Charles Lenox Remond, to Amy M. Cassey of Philadelphia.
In Sharon, N. H., Oct. 21, by Rev L. Billings of Peterboro', Mr Samuel I. Vose of Boston, Mass., to Miss Sarah J., daughter of Samuel Nay, Esq., of Sharon.
In South Brookfield, Oct. 22, Mr William F. Hallett of Springfield, formerly of Hyannis, to Miss Julia A. Jenks of South Brookfield.

DEATHS.

In this city, Oct. 29, Mrs Elizabeth Deblois, 81.
In Cohasset, Oct. 23, of the dropsy, Miss Caroline Oakes, 28.
In Hingham, Mrs Eunice W. Ripley, wife of Deacon Ripley, 64.
In Newburyport, Manton Eastburn, son of E. G. and H. R. Kelley, 18 mos.
In New Bedford, Oct. 22, Mary, widow of the late William Spooner, in her 72d year.
In Providence, Oct. 28, Mrs Nabby H., widow of the late Zabdiel Adams of Roxbury, 67.
In Walpole, N. H., Oct. 27, Mary Gilman, relict of the late Dea. Ephraim Stearns, 90 years 6 months 18 days.
In Brattleboro', Vt., Oct. 22, Robert, eldest son of Robert Knott of this city, 32.
At Mamaroneck, N. Y., Sept. 10th, Mrs Elizabeth M. Goddard, 47, wife of Joseph Goddard, Esq., merchant of N. Y.

Mr Charles Hiland Hall, of North Chelsea, died in California, August 7th, 1850, aged 17 years 10 months. Last Sabbath (Oct. 20,) there were funeral services in the First Congregational Church in North Chelsea, in honor of his memory, during which the following Stanzas, composed for the occasion, were sung.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO CALIFORNIA.
By Rev. Norwood Damon.

Thou awful land beyond the wave,
Why art thou still the nation's rod?
The lash of pride, and glory's grave?
Like Attila, "the scourge of God?"

Shall not a planet's sighs suffice?
The groans of millions called to mourn?
Is there no saving sacrifice?
But must new bosoms still be torn?

Tell us, thou stern relentless shore,
Why craves thy soil still richer dust?
Have tears and blood consumed thine ore?
And broken hearts turned gold to rust?

Then keep thy boon, unhappy land,
So small a prize is freely given,
It may console thy cheerless sand,
But know, our treasure lives in Heaven.

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

Geo. W. Warren & Co.

ANNOUNCE TO THEIR FRIENDS,
AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY, THAT THEY FEEL COMPELLED EITHER TO ABANDON THE "ONE PRICE SYSTEM" OR TO SUBMIT TO A

GREAT SACRIFICE
OF THEIR STOCK.
HAVING
Pledged themselves to the Public,

That their "One Price" should always be AS LOW or LOWER than the same goods could be bought under any circumstances, they now CHEERFULLY SUBMIT to a

Heavy Loss!
RATHER THAN YIELD THEIR SYSTEM TO THE PRESSURE OF THE HOUR.

This Evening
WE SHALL CLOSE AT SIX,
—AND—
MARK DOWN
OUR STOCK
TO PRICES THAT WILL CONVINCE ALL THAT WE WILL NOT BE UNERSOLD!
GEO. W. WARREN & CO.
FOR PARTICULARS SEE CIRCULARS.
nov2 6wis

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

FOR THE CURE OF
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION.

THIS remedy is offered to the community with the confidence we feel in an article which seldom fails to realize the happiest effect that can be desired. So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous the cases of its cures that almost every section of the country abounds in persons, publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind, is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs, which are incident to our climate. And not only in the formidable attacks upon the lungs, but for the milder varieties of COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, &c., and for CHILDREN it is the pleasantest and safest medicine that can be obtained.

Read the opinion of the following Gentlemen, who will be recognized in the various sections of country where they are located—each and all as merchants of the first class and of the highest character—as the oldest and most extensive Wholesale Dealers in Medicine with an experience unlimited on the subject of which they speak. If there is any value in the judgment of experience, see the decision in

THIS CERTIFICATE.

We the undersigned, Wholesale Druggists, having been for long acquainted with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, hereby certify our belief that it is the best and most effectual remedy for Pulmonary Complaints ever offered to the American People. And we would, from our knowledge of its composition, and extensive usefulness, cordially commend it to the afflicted as worthy their best confidence, and with the firm conviction that it will do for their relief all that medicine can do.

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With such assurance, and from such men, no stronger proof can be adduced, except that found in its effects upon trial.

PREPARED AND SOLD BY JAMES C. AYER,
Practical Chemist, Lowell, Mass., and sold by the Druggists. 3mis12oo nov2

CIRCULAR.

CHARLES T. POWELL,
(For many years in the employ of Messrs. HILL, LINCOLN & GERR.)

HAVING leased one of the NEW and SPACIOUS STORES, in the elegant FREE-STONE BLOCK, recently erected on WASHINGTON STREET, by JAMES PARKER, Esq., takes this method of informing his friends and the public that he invites their attention to his

NEW AND CHOICE STOCK
—OF—
BERLIN GOODS,
FOR *EMBROIDERY; THREAD, YARNS, GLOVES, HOSIERY*, and a general assortment of *HABERDASHERY*, viz:

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Ladies' and Gents' Paris made *GLOVES*, all colors; Ladies' and Gents' Cashmere and Worsted *GLOVES*, all colors; Ladies Super Mohair *MITTS* and *GLOVES.*

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CLOAK AND DRESS TRIMMINGS,
In *CORDS, BRAIDS, LACES; PARIS BUTTONS; LADIES'* and *CHILDREN'S KNIT JACKETS*; and a general assortment of *SMAL

POETRY.

A POEM.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

At the Dedication of the Pittsfield Cemetery, September 9, 1850.

Angel of Death! Extend thy silent reign!
Stretch thy dark sceptre o'er this new domain!
No sable car along the winding road
Has borne to earth its unresisting load;
No sudden mound has risen yet to show
Where the pale slumberer folds his arms below;
No marble gleams to bid his memory live
In the brief lines that hurrying Time can give;
Yet, O Destroyer! From thy shrouded throne
Look on our gift: this realm is all thine own!

Fair is the scene; its sweetness oft beguiled
From their dim paths the children of the wild;
The dark-haired maiden loved its grassy dells,
The feathered warrior claimed its wooded swells,
Still on its slopes the ploughman's ridges show
The pointed flints that left his fatal bow,
Chipped with rough art and slow barbarian toil,—
Last of his wrecks that strews the alien soil!

Here spread the fields that waved their ripened store
Till the brown arms of Labor held no more;
The scythe's broad meadow with its dusky blush;
The sickle's harvest with its velvet flush;
The green-haired maize, her silken tresses laid,
In soft luxuriance, on her harsh brocade;
The sword that swells beneath her tossing plume;
The coarser wheat that rolls in lakes of bloom,—
Its coral stems and milk-white flowers alive
With the wide murmurs of the scattered hive;
The glossy apple with the pencilled streak
Of morning painted on its southern cheek;
The pear's long necklace strung with golden drops,
Arched, like the banyan, o'er its hasty props;
The humble roots that paid the laborer's care
With the cheap luxuries wealth consents to spare;
The healing herbs whose virtues could not save
The hand that reared them from the neighboring grave.

Yet all its varied charms, forever free
From task and tribute, Labor yields to thee;
No more when April sheds her fitful rain
The sower's hand shall cast its flying grain;
No more when Autumn strews the fluttering leaves
The reaper's hand shall gird its yellow sheaves;
For thee alike the circling seasons flow
Till the first blossoms have the latest snow.
In the stiff cold below the whirling drifts,
In the loose soil the springing herbage lifts,
In the hot dust beneath the parching weeds
Life's wilting flower shall drop its shrivelled seeds;
Its germ entranced in thy unbreathing sleep
Till what thou sowest mightier angels reap!

Spirit of Beauty! Let thy graces blend
With loveliest Nature all that Art can lend.
Come from the bowers where Summer's life-blood flows
Through the red lips of June's half-open rose,
Dressed in bright hues, the loving sunshine's dower;
For tranquil Nature owns no mourning flower.
Come from the forest where the beech's screen
Bars the fierce noonbeam with its flakes of green;
Stay the rude axe that bares the shadowy plains,
Stanch the deep wound that dries the maple's veins.
Come with the stream whose silver-braided rills
Fling their unclasping bracelets from the hills,
Till in one gleam, beneath the forest's wings,
Melts the white glitter of a hundred springs.
Come from the steeps where look majestic forth
From their twin thrones the Giants of the North
On the huge shapes that crouching at their knees,
Stretch their broad shoulders, rough with shaggy trees.
Through the wide waste of ether, not in vain
Their softened gaze shall reach our distant plain;
There, while the mourner turns his aching eyes
On the blue mounds that print the biner skies,
Nature shall whisper that the fading view
Of mightiest grief may wear a heavenly hue.

Cherub of Wisdom! Let thy marble page
Leave its sad lesson, new to every age;
Teach us to live, not grudging every breath
To the chill winds that waft us on to death,
But ruling calmly every pulse it warms
And tempering gently every word it forms.

Seraph of Love! In Heaven's adoring zone
Nearest of all around the central throne,
While with soft hands the pillowed turf we spread
That soon shall hold us in its dreamless bed,
With the low whisper—Who shall first be laid
In the dark chamber's yet unbroken shade?—
Let thy sweet radiance shine rekindled here,
And all we cherish grow more truly dear.
Here in the gates of Death's o'erhanging vault,
Oh, teach us kindness for our brother's fault;
Lay all our wrongs beneath this peaceful sod
And lead our hearts to Mercy and its God.

Father of all! In Death's relentless claim
We read thy mercy by its sterner name;
In the bright flower that decks the solemn bier
We see thy glory in its narrowed sphere;
In the deep lessons that affliction draws
We trace the curves of thy encircling laws;
In the long sigh that sets our spirits free
We own the love that calls us back to Thee!

Through the hushed street, along the silent plain
The spectral future leads its mourning train,
Dark with the shadows of uncounted hands,
Where man's white lips and woman's wringing hands
Track the still burden, rolling slow before,
That love and kindness can protect no more;
The smiling babe that, called to mortal strife,
Shuts its meek eyes and drops its little life;
The drooping child that prays in vain to live,
And pleads for help its parent cannot give;
The pride of beauty stricken in its flower;
The strength of manhood broken in an hour;
Age in its weakness, bowed by toil and care,
Traced in sad lines beneath its silvered hair.
The sun shall set, and heaven's resplendent spheres
Gild the smooth turf unhallowed yet by tears,
But ah, how soon the evening stars will shed
Their sleepless light around the slumbering dead!

Take them, O Father, in immortal trust!
Ashes to ashes, dust to kindred dust,
Till the last angel rolls the stone away
And a new morning brings eternal day!

ALL'S WELL.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The clouds which rise with thunder, slake
Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded, falls to break
From off our limbs a chain;
Our very sins and follies make
The love of God more plain.
As through the shadowy lens of even,
The eye looks farthest into heaven,
On gleams of stars and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew.

[National Era.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF PAUPERISM.

Abstract from the Secretary's Annual Report, Oct. 1, 1850:

Female applicants for the past year, 3382, viz., 873 Americans or Protestants, 2509 others; 261 were 12 years of age or under. Supplied with employment 2527, viz., 685 Americans or Protestants, 1842 others; 201 were 15 years of age or under. Places in the city 1178; in the country, 1346. Applicants recorded in the men and boys' office, since its opening in the latter part of August, 217, of whom 156 were minors. Supplied with places, 29, of whom 26 were minors.

A few men have also been provided with temporary employment, which has been of great service to them, as they were very destitute, and their families suffering. It is believed that many more permanent places have been furnished than recorded above, especially for minors, but unfortunately many persons, after securing the help they require, do not think of the importance of making know the fact at the office.

Received from employers for fees, in the women and girls' office, the past year, $719,50; in the men and boys' office, $3.

The number of places supplied this year is about 490 more than last year, and the amount received for office fees about $100 more in the same time, both coming up to the average of the past five years. The business coming under the head of "reference office" has been much larger the past year than ever before, and in order to be well done, has required a large share of the attention of your Secretary. Very many interesting cases are recorded in the book kept for that purpose, cases of destitution and suffering have been relieved, and many have been furnished with employment and the means of self-support, who, had it not been for the advice and assistance afforded here, would now be inmates of our alms houses and pri-ons. The votaries of intemperance have been brought here, and, with the desire to reform, have been placed in good families in the country, out of the way of temptation. Crime and licentiousness have furnished us with further means of testing the usefulness of our society, and its importance in a city like this. Large numbers of newly arrived immigrants, some in very destitute circumstances, have been sent here by the Alien Superintendent, Mr. Munroe, and mostly been provided with homes and employment.

Applicants for charity have been numerous, and all who were found, or supposed to be, deserving, were referred to the proper source of relief. Investigation has frequently detected cases of gross imposition, and thus saved those who are ever ready to relieve suffering, from being defrauded by worthless and undeserving persons. Advice has been given in almost innumerable cases, some of a very trivial character, others of much importance, but all requiring time and attention. Many persons, it is believed, have been induced to leave the city and seek their fortunes elsewhere, the profession of many affording them not a shadow of chance of succeeding here. In short, and in fact, there seems to be no end to the number and variety of cases. One person's time, at least, would be entirely taken up in recording the particulars of each separate case.

By the Treasurer's report it will be seen that the balance in his hands the first of the financial year was $93 10; that he received from the late Treasurer the balance due by him of $233 68, making the amount on hand, $326 78; and that there has been received for office fees, annual and life subscriptions, and from all other sources, $1235 79; making, with the balance on hand, the sum of $1562 57; and that there has been expended during the past year, $1582 84, leaving a balance due to the Treasurer of $20 27, and showing an excess of expenditures over receipts of $347 05.

During the fifteen years existence of this society no effort has been made to extend or sustain its subscription list, and it has, consequently, in a great measure, died out. Arrangements, which will shortly go into active operation, have been made for such an effort, and it is hoped will meet with success, or otherwise the society must curtail or stop its operations for want of means. But this is not a time to think of such an alternative; never was a society like this more needed in this city than at the present time, and if the public, or the giving portion of it, can be made sensible of what we are doing, the good we are effecting, we shall not lack for means.

By a vote of the Boston Employment Society, it ceased to exist, as a separate organization, on the first of July last, and assigned its functions to this society. At a special meeting of our Board of Managers, the assignment was accepted, and a committee appointed to open a separate office for men and boys; this has been done, and we have now in the full tide of successful operation, a separate employment office for women and girls, a separate office for men and boys, and a reference office for applicants for charity, and such other cases as may be sent to it. Should the subscription list of the late employment society hold good, this operation will not entail upon us much additional expense, but according to the falling off in that list so will be our additional expense. The operation thus far has but little or no bearing on our last year's receipts and expenditures, but may sensibly affect the present year's by greatly increased expenditure, without corresponding receipts, through this measure of annexation—but the wants of the public imperatively demand that the offices should be sustained as they now exist, and that same public must furnish the means of sustaining them, or the society will be compelled to close them.

Elected at the annual meeting the following list of officers:

President—Moses Grant.
Vice Presidents—Thomas Tarbell, Chas. F. Barnard.
Secretary—F. R. Woodward.
Treasurer—Artemas Simonds.
Managers.—Wm. Howe, Thomas Thwing, Andrew Cushing, Lewis E. Caswell, Andrew Bigelow, Sam'l. B. Cruft, S. H. Winkley, J. P. Robinson, Phineas Stowe, Joseph E. Barry, Wm. Perkins, Robert B. Storer, Henry Plympton, Walter Channing.

KOSSUTH.

An American missionary, writing from Broosa, Asia, under date of May 1st, 1850, to the *New York Evangelist*, gives an interesting description of Kossuth and his companions. The writer and his companion an American physician, had for many days almost uninterrupted intercourse with these noble patriots. Of Kossuth he says: "A nobler, truer-hearted patriot, I think cannot be found. One cannot long be in his presence—at least an American—without being reminded of our own loved Washington; his countenance is so expressive of honest worth, and his manner so full of dignity. As you first meet him, he appears somewhat reserved, and perhaps sad, for he has recently shown but little desire to meet and converse with many—he is weighed down under his country's wrongs; but as he enters into conversation, this apparent sadness soon passes away, and you see the man full of intellectual dignity. In speaking of the manner of his overthrow, one day, he remarked: 'If I had not had one or two Arnolds in my camp, my poor country had not been bleeding, but standing among the nations, acknowledged among the powers an honorable nation.' In making mention of the sympathy expressed towards him in America, he said: 'If one could choose his place of birth before he was born, America, of all other lands, would be the place—for it is the home of freedom—but being once born, the land of birth is the dearest. Could I not aid my father land—in which I had rather be a common peasant than dwell a king anywhere else—I should prefer America as the beloved land of my adoption.' Kossuth and his companions are now in exile at Katuhia, where they arrived on the 12th of April. The writer says that they have been presented with a fine garden of several acres in the vicinity of the barracks, where they spend much of their time. 'After dining with him one afternoon, Kossuth conducted us to his garden, and showing us the plans and improvements which he intended making, he remarked: 'Like the bird who carried a seed in his mouth over a desert, and dropped it on an oasis, there to spring up and beautify a barren spot, so, if we can do nothing more, we may show to this people our taste in arranging flowers.' I remarked that there were a number of fruit trees and apparently good ones. 'Yes,' added he 'but I would fain not remain here to taste of their fruits.' It was a sight to affect the heart of an American, to see those officers of many battles gathering around their leader so affectionately and respectfully. They all looked up to him, and as he passed among them they seemed willing to give him the highest place among them. Kossuth remarked, when alone, 'These officers came like children, weeping and begging to accompany me. When it was told me I must select, and that few could accompany me, I went and laid the decision before them, and they all, to a man, on their knees, exclaimed, 'Let us live on the meanest, and let us bear the worst, for we have borne hardships and can endure them, but do not let us be separated from you.' What could I do?' said he—'They came, but some of them have only one dollar and twenty-five cents per month on which to subsist. Others of them have more, and by sharing they all live. They will not leave their honored Kossuth. They look up to him as our fathers in their darkest hours looked up to and revered our Washington. Noble hearts! may they yet rescue their country and their now forsaken homes.'

MORAL COURAGE.

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind, when it is necessary, you should do so, and to hold your tongue, when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy coat," even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to own you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

Have the courage to make a will and a just one.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to "cut" the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced that he lacks principle. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities but not with his vices.'

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to obey your conscience, at the risk of being ridiculed by men.

Have the courage to wear thick boots in winter, and insist upon your wife and daughters doing the same.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things.

THE JEWS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.—A correspondent writes us from New York,—"The States are one of the most interesting countries on earth as regards Jews and Judaism; but not so much so with respect to what they are, as to what they will be. In New York there are 16,000 Jews, known as such, and their numbers increase daily. They have nine synagogues and one 'temple.' Of these, one synagogue has the Portuguese ritual, and is attended by nearly all the original native families; like their brethren in England, they are not an increasing body. They do not go a-head. The Germans are the famous folks for that. They have three synagogues, the largest of which, consecrated a few days ago, has 7000 seats below, and 500 in the ladies' gallery. The 'temple' likewise belongs to them. The English have two large synagogues, the Dutch one, and the Polish two. Nor are charitable institutions and societies less numerous. Each congregation averages two at least. The great influx of emigrants, many of whom arrive in a state of utter destitution, causes an unceasing appeal to charity. But such is the nature of the country, that almost every one can maintain himself with care and comfort. The synagogue to which Dr. Raphall was lately appointed minister, numbers about 300 families, and among them not one that requires relief. In Philadelphia there are 10,000 Jews; in Cincinnati, 6,000; Baltimore, 5,000; New Orleans, 3,000; Charleston, 1,000. These are the principal congregations. Throughout the country there are some thirty smaller ones. Generally, the Republican spirit is carried into the observance of religion; and, as was the case in Israel during the days of the Judges, every one does as he pleases. How soon time worketh wonders!" [Jewish Chronicle.

MAGNIFICENT PROJECT.—This is certainly the era of enlarged ideas. No project at present seems too monstrous for modern engineering to wrestle with. In Holland they are pumping out a lake nineteen miles long by eleven wide. In France they talk about building on a double row of balloons, a bridge to reach from Calais to Dover, while Mr. Ellet, an American engineer, induced the last Congress to vote him twenty thousand dollars for the purpose of testing experiments for keeping the Ohio river supplied with water!! Mr. E., in a recent paper, constituting one of the Smithsonian contributions to knowledge, says that less than a million and a quarter dollars will suffice to supply the Ohio with a depth sufficient for boats of five feet draught; to carry an open and permanent river navigation up the Alleghany to Franklin, and a slack water navigation, during three-fourths of the year, from Franklin to the line of the Erie Railroad in New York; improve the navigation of the Monongahela in Virginia, and extend that of the Kanawha seventy or eighty miles above Point Pleasant, supplying water powers of unrivalled capacity and permanence, on numerous lines of steamboat navigation, and curbing most essentially the destructive power of the floods.

The total discharge of the Ohio in ordinary low water, he says, is but six millions cubic feet per hour. A pipe, three feet in diameter, he also adds, will discharge very nearly one million cubic feet per hour under a head of sixty feet high, and provided with proper valves, would emit water enough to double the quantity flowing down the Ohio at its usual summer stage.—And if there were three such dams on different streams, and twelve pipes in each; and one man to superintend each dam, and obey the telegraphic signal to open or close the valves—or an equipment equal to three dams no higher than have been already built in this country, and thirty-six pipes equal in diameter to the mains connected with the Croton water aqueduct—the quantity of water could be increased six-fold, and the navigation could be maintained above five feet during all ordinary droughts. At the same time such is happily the form of many of the western valleys, that dams of double this height can be often erected without injury to any appreciable amount of property, improved or susceptible of improvement. This is one of the most stupendous and magnificent projects of the age.—[Albany Knickerbocker.

THE ALPS RAILWAY TUNNEL. An English writer speaking, of this project, says:—

"To give at once some idea of the boldness of Chev. Maus' undertaking, we may in the first place state that, in its progress the tunnel must pass under some of the most elevated crests of Mount Cenis—one in particular, where there will be 4,850 feet of mountain, capped with eternal glaciers over head, at the middle of the tunnel, so that not only the workmen and machinery in construction, and the passengers and trains in transit, will be buried at that depth in the heart of the mountain, but all idea of shafts, either to facilitate excavation, or to promote ventilation, must be out of the question. The breath of life itself must be respired from either extremity, with artificial aid, in the shape of currents of fresh air transmitted, and of foul withdrawn, by mechanical apparatus ever at work, at least during excavation, which is also itself to be effected by machinery of a new and simple nature, worked by water power of mountain streams, whereby the trains are also to be run through the tunnel, which ascends, from the northern to the Savoy side, at Modane, all the way to its exit at Bardoneche, with a gradient equal to 19 in 1000. The machine, once presented to the rock, projects into simultaneously four horizontal series of sixteen scalpels, working backward and forward, by means of springs cased in, and put in operation by the same water power. While these are at work, one vertical series on each side works simultaneously up and down, so that together they cut out four blocks on all sides, except on the rock behind, from which they are afterwards detached by hand. It has already been ascertained that each of the two machines, at the opposite ends of the tunnel, will excavate to the extent of 22 feet a day, and it is estimated that the whole excavation will be completed in four years. The gallery to be perforated by the machines will be 13 feet wide by 7 feet high, and this once cut through, the bore will be enlarged by ordinary means to 25 feet in width, and 19 feet in height, and a double line of rails laid. The estimated cost of this immense tunnel is only 13,804,942£. It is to be immediately commenced at the north entrance.

BONDS OF NATIONS. The operation of dangerous and delusive first principles obliges us to have recourse to the true ones. In the intercourse between nations, we are apt to rely too much on the instrumental part. We lay too much weight upon the formality of treaties and compacts. We do not act much more wisely when we trust to the interests of men as guarantees of their engagements. The interests frequently tear to pieces the engagements; and the passions trample upon both. Entirely to trust to either, is to disregard our own safety, or not to know mankind. Men are not tied to one another by papers and seals. They are led to associate by resemblances, by conformities, by sympathies. It is with nations as with individuals. Nothing is so strong a tie of amity between nation and nation as correspondence in laws, customs, manners, and habits of life. They have more than the force of treaties in themselves. They are obligations written in the heart. They approximate men to men without their knowledge, and sometimes against their intentions. The secret, unseen, but irrefragable bond of habitual intercourse holds them together, even when their perverse and litigious nature sets them to equivocate, scuffle, and fight about the terms of their written obligations. [Burke.

FOR CHILDREN.

NON-RESISTANCE.

'Coward! Coward! Why don't you pitch into him!' 'Hurra! I'd never take that!' 'Well done, Tom!' 'Run home and tell your mamma!' 'Fie, Bill; you are the strongest! You could drive Tom into the pond!' 'Try it—only try!'

The time had come for a severe trial of Willie's principles. Tom had hectored him all the morning—had thrown his ball into the ditch—had knocked off his cap, and kicked it over the wall—had pushed him down and soiled his neat dress. Finally, as if determined to put his temper to every possible test, he struck him in the face.

Willie bore it all pretty well. He was angry; he could not help showing it too, which was just what Tom wanted. He had not the advantage which perfect calmness would have given him, but he remembered not to turn evil for evil. He could have revenged himself, for Tom was puny, and a coward to boot—and his companions would have admired him. How much more would they have admired his forbearance, had they known his motive! If he had had the least sympathy from any of them, he would have felt superior to the trial; but all joined their voices to insult and ridicule him. The last outrage was too much; he burst into tears, and took refuge in the school-room

Tom triumphed with a loud insulting laugh, in which all the boys joined, but very soon master Tom found his own cap flying through the air, and made use of as a foot-ball; and in the wild spirit of justice common among boys, he had bitter experience of all the vexations he had made Willie endure, till he went off crying in his turn.

Willie could hardly study that forenoon, his mind was so tempest-tost. He thought it very hard that he must be singular, and be misunderstood and perhaps disliked, in consequence of doing what he knew was right. So he resolved at noon to go round by his father's counting room, and walk home to dinner with him. He thought this was a case in which he would rather consult his father than his mother.

Mr. Rogers laughed, and said Willie was a hero, when he described the annoyances of the morning, and his endurance of them. Willie thought it very curious that his father called him a hero for the same course of conduct which had procured him the title of coward.

'You know father,' he said, 'you have never allowed me to strike, if I am ever so much provoked. I know, too, myself, that revenge is not right. But is it right either, or at all fair, that I should be so imposed upon? What I wanted to ask you, is, now would not you give Tom one good threshing, just to make him be quiet?'

'Would not *I*? Whew! I should be prettily set to work!'

Willie laughed heartily. 'You know I did not mean *you*, father. But I have been thinking I had better do it. Not for revenge—that would be wicked—but for justice. He ought not to act so; I ought not to let him, ought I? I really think it would do him good, not harm. He shall not go on plaguing people, with nothing to hinder him, I can tell him.'

'Is your motive for the threshing a wish to make him a better boy, or to make him afraid to provoke one stronger than himself?'

Willie looked puzzled, and disappointed. 'Must I then let all the boys call me coward, and tamely submit to be cuffed by all of them?'

'You have not frankly answered my question.'

'Well come to think of it, father, I must honestly confess that I believe it was not my motive, but only a reason I had thought of—'

'To justify you in doing it.'

'Yes sir.'

'I thought so. Suppose we talk of something else for the present, and at some other time discuss the matter coolly. You are justly indignant at Tom—and I do not uphold him in his mean and cowardly abuse of your patience and good temper.'

'I am glad it was good temper, father. I did not know as it was, for I have felt very cross at him all the forenoon.'

'Ah, well,' said his father, patting him on the shoulder, 'you were a good boy not to revenge yourself when you were angry. If you can learn *not* to be angry, at all, under such insults, you will be far superior to your father. We will both try, my son, to imitate the example of one, whom, though we never saw him, we both love,—who, when he was reviled, reviled not again.'

'Yes, father. When they buffeted him, and spit upon him, he does not seem as if he was angry at all they could do to him, he was so sorry for them. He said, "Love your enemies," and *he* did. If he had withered their arms away when they struck him, it would not have been at all like Christ; would it?'

'No indeed—and we should not have loved him.'

'No. Have you any enemies, father?'

'Not exactly.'

'*How*, not exactly! I should not think you could have any.'

'Oh, I often have to put up with treatment from people I have to deal with, which I do not like at all. My comfort is, and it can be yours, too, that it is better to be the one to suffer an injury, than the one to do it.'

'What do they do to a great man like you?'

'They do not strike me. The law interferes to hinder that, just as Mr. Benton would protect you from Tom, if you appealed to him.'

'Oh, oh! You will not catch me to tell the master! But what do they do then?'

'O, they take a mean advantage, often in business.'

'Cheat!'

'That would not justify me in cheating them in return, would it?'

'Oh, no, indeed!'

'And there are some who call me names—'

'O father! Why! I never heard them!'

'People call each other names on account of difference of opinion in religion, and politics, and get very angry sometimes.'

'I should not think they would! See! There is Sarah, looking the wrong way to see if I am coming home from school!' And stepping on the grass, he ran up behind her, and cried 'Boo!' close in her ear. Such a start, and then such a capering and laughing ensued, that Willie forgot all about his school troubles, and his unanswered question about the punishment of Tom. [Willie Rogers, or Temper Improved.

A CHILD'S VICTORY OVER DEATH.

What a blessing to any land are Sabbath-schools! Who can calculate the vast amount of happiness conferred upon the human family by this simple though powerful agency! Eternity alone will disclose the blessed results that have flowed, that are flowing, and shall continue to flow, from the combined exertions of those honored individuals who consecrate their time and talents to this high and holy work.

It was my privilege to be thus engaged for many years, and I can therefore sympathize with those who are thus employed; there will be much to grieve and dishearten a pious mind, but yet the encouragements to persevere are great and numerous. Allow me to give a brief sketch of a young and interesting disciple of the Lord Jesus. When on a visit to a friend in a neighbouring county, the request was made for me to visit a little girl who appeared to be in dying circumstances; it was delightful to see her placid countenance, though apparently quite sensible of the near approach of the last enemy. When the inquiry was put to her, "Would you not like to recover?" she meekly answered, "No;" and when pressed to give her reasons why she preferred death to life, the reply was strikingly impressive when given in all sincerity by one so young:—"I fear I might sin against my Saviour." This dear child had attended a Sabbath-school in connection with a Wesleyan chapel in the town; and so attached was she to her teacher and her class, that when so weak as to be unable to walk the distance, she would be carried to her accustomed place, that she might listen to those glorious truths which proved such a solace to her spirit whilst laboring under protracted suffering, and which could confer true and substantial peace in the prospect of death itself.

How remarkably was the power and efficacy of divine truth exemplified in the experience of this youthful disciple. She lingered a few weeks after the interview to which reference has been made, and died very happy. A short time before her death, pointing upwards, she exclaimed: "Angels wait for me;" and the last words she uttered were, "Victory! Victory! Victory!" Multitudes besides the subject of this imperfect sketch have had occasion to bless God for the establishment of Sabbath-schools. Let teachers persevere. [Children's Magazine

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